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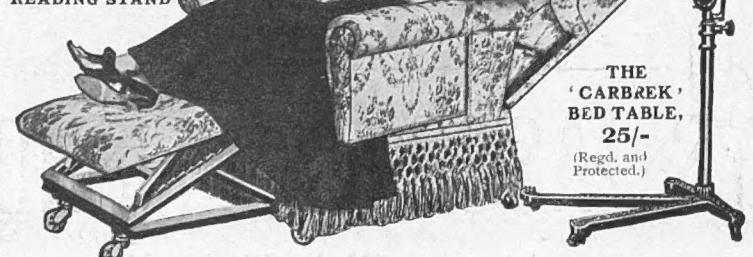
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# The Sketch

No. 1030.—Vol. LXXX.

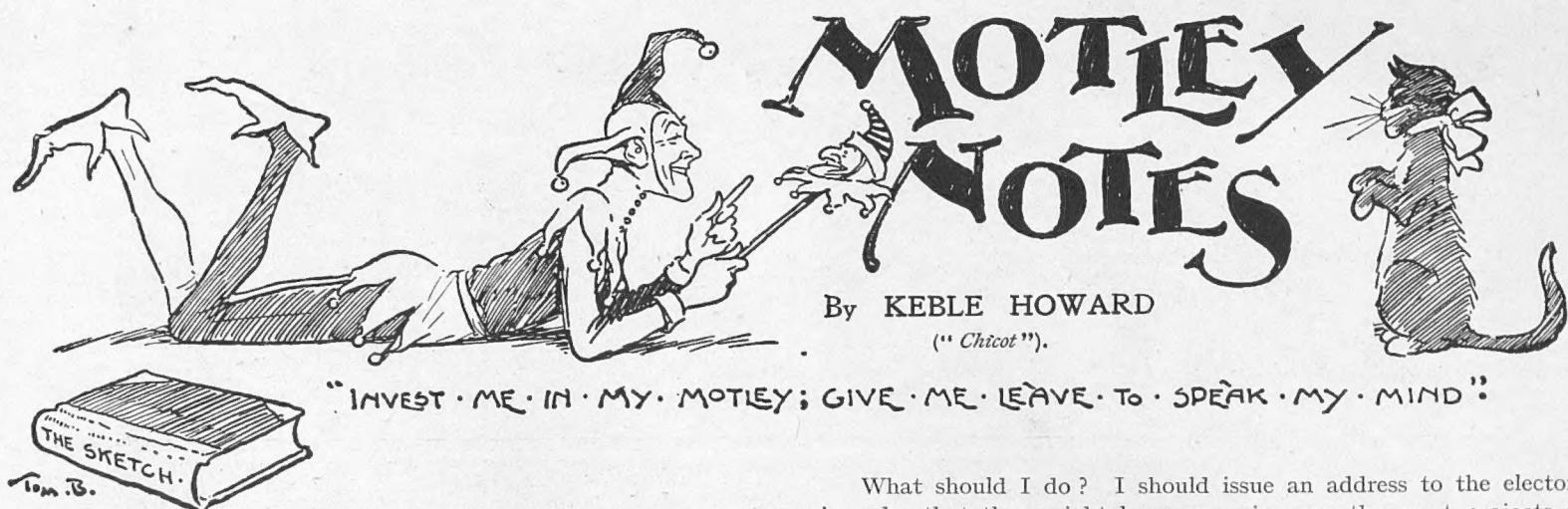
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



THE ANGEL IN THE CASTLE AND THE BOLD BAD CAPTAIN: MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND AND MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON AS LADY CICELY WAYNFLETE IN "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," was revived at the Little Theatre on the 15th, with Miss Gertrude Kingston in Miss Ellen Terry's old part of Lady Cicely Waynlete, and Mr. Gerald Lawrence as the fire-eating hero. Noticing this revival, the "Times" said the other day: "Perhaps not in any modern comedy is there a scene so brilliant as that in the second act . . . where, in the Moorish castle, with no one knows what dangers threatening, the raging, marching Brassbound finds the bubble of his penny-dreadful but very real desire for vengeance pricked, ever so gently and sweetly, kindly word after word, by Lady Cicely, as she sits calmly mending his reefer coat."



**A Matter for Bewilderment.**

I have been thinking over this matter of modern statesmanship—without reference, of course, to any country or any party. And I have asked myself, "What is a statesman?" Here are some of the answers—

- (1) He is, in the highest and noblest sense of the word, a gentleman.
- (2) He is an honest man.
- (3) He is a well-educated man.
- (4) He is a patriotic man.
- (5) He is an unselfish man.
- (6) He is a dignified man.
- (7) He is a man born to lead his fellows.
- (8) He is a man born to govern his fellows.

Nobody will be found to deny, I suppose, that a statesman must of necessity have each and all of those qualities.

And yet, when we find a man with each and all of those qualities, when we find a man who is worthy and willing to lead and govern, who is willing to set aside every private interest, who is willing to devote the best years of his life to the harassing work of making and amending laws, we badger him and bully him, and jeer at him and caricature him, and belittle his efforts as though the poor fellow actually *wanted* to sacrifice himself, and was willing to endure any amount of insult rather than leave off sacrificing himself!

**The “Pinned” Colonel.**

Take, for example, the case of Colonel Roosevelt. Here is a man who has sacrificed himself, year in and year out, for the good of his country. In the later years of his life, he feels the irresistible call of duty yet once again. He must pull off his slippers and put on his boots. He must exchange his comfortable arm-chair for the uncomfortable Presidential chair. He obeys the call of duty. "My country and my country alone!" he cries. "My country needs me! Here I am!"

And how do his fellow-countrymen reply? They begin by putting up one or two people in opposition. Here is an incredible thing—that a man who is actually willing to sacrifice himself for the sake of his country should meet with opposition! Is this supreme altruism on the part of the opposers and the country at large? Or is it sheer cussedness and rank ingratitude? If it is altruism, it is misdirected altruism, is it not? If it is altruism, surely the opposition has gone a little too far when a more than usually altruistic gentleman feels compelled to put a bullet into the poor Colonel? If it is ingratitude, the state of that country must be even more deplorable!

But we must not preen ourselves on our superiority in this respect. Consider what happens to an English gentleman who reluctantly consents to assist in the government of his country! Instead of his consent being received with acclamation, he is actually forced to climb on to high platforms and talk about his fitness to govern!

**The Silent Candidate.**

This may be quite right. All I say is, I cannot understand it. Let us, with the license of logic, reduce the question to an absurdity.

Suppose that I were asked to submit myself as a candidate for Parliament. Suppose that, after much debate internal, I found that I had the great qualities necessary for government. Suppose that I decided to offer myself as a candidate, fully realising that I should be compelled, if elected, to devote hours and hours of my time, for years and years, to the consideration of schemes for the betterment of the lot of my fellow-countrymen.

# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBBLE HOWARD

(“Chicot”).

“INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·”

What should I do? I should issue an address to the electors in order that they might know my views on the great projects of the day. I should exhibit myself on platforms in order that they might see the candidate for whom they were asked to vote. (I don't believe that anybody can form a correct estimate of a man without actually seeing him in the flesh. Once seen, always known.)

What next? Should I uphold my own candidature? Certainly not. Should I talk down the man on the other side? Not for one second! My supporters could say what they liked about me, but I should look upon it as impossible to say anything in favour of myself. It is legitimate to do that in business; when you are offering to sacrifice yourself for the sake of others, however, why utter a syllable?

I badly want somebody to explain modern statesmanship to me.

**Shot to the White House.**

“By his amazing act after the attack on him at Milwaukee,” says a writer in one of my daily papers, “Mr. Roosevelt becomes not only the uncrowned king of America, but the most remarkable man in the world. He is the only politician whose words are less than their deeds. He is the only man of his kind who would have stood before a frenzied audience and shown them his blood-stained shirt.

“That act, unexampled for sheer audacity and daring outside the realms of imaginative drama—that act which those who do not understand may dismiss as sheer bravado—will not only win him the Presidency, but will win him for all time a place among the real heroes of his land. . . .

“If there is any sentiment in America—which we know there is—if there is any sense of the dramatic, this attempted assassination of Mr. Roosevelt and his almost unbelievable act of courage are blessings in disguise. For out of them, surely, must come one and only one result—the return—the triumphant return—of Mr. Roosevelt to the White House.”

Poor Mr. Roosevelt! Whilst admiring his courage, as we all do, it is rather hard, we must think, towards the close of a great career, that he should be literally shot into the White House! In years to come, little American boys will not be told of the splendid Acts framed and passed by President Roosevelt. They will not be told that he fought graft and tried to stamp out political roguery. If the writer I have quoted is correct, they will merely think of him as the man who was shot into the White House by a lunatic.

**Scarcely Worth Consideration.**

Another daily paper is asking the opinions of its readers on a matter that seems to me scarcely worth consideration. This is the problem: In case of a fire, which should a woman save—her husband or her dog?

You have only to remember the limited capabilities of a man to settle this question off-hand. For example—

- (a) A man cannot bark.
- (b) A man cannot wag his tail.
- (c) A man cannot eat up bones and gristle.
- (d) A man cannot grow his own clothes.
- (e) A man cannot drink dirty water without being ill.
- (f) A man cannot balance a biscuit on the end of his nose.
- (g) A man cannot catch little rabbits and eat them raw.
- (h) A man cannot destroy a new hat and escape punishment by holding up a paw.
- (i) A man cannot sleep on the stairs.
- (j) A man cannot stoop low enough to bite small children in the leg.
- (k) A man cannot stay out all night without offering an explanation.
- (l) A man cannot enjoy life without doing a stroke of work.

What woman in her senses, I ask you, friend the reader, would save the man at the cost of the noble dog?

## KILL THAT — PLATE! CROCKERY - CRASHERS OF FRANCE.



## THE THROWS OF DELIGHT: PLATE - BREAKING AS AN AMUSEMENT, AT THE MAGIC CITY, PARIS.

It will be recalled that one of the diversions of "Shakespeare's England," as presented at Earl's Court, was breaking plates and other articles of crockery (some of them bearing portraits of Mr. Lloyd George) by throwing balls at them. Crockery-crashing has now spread to France; and one of the delights of the Magic City, in Paris, is plate-smashing in the manner shown.

DRAWN BY PIERRE BRISSEAU.

## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER—  
FOR RAISING £39,000 FROM  
HIS GUESTS AT DINNER AT  
GROSVENOR HOUSE.

*Photograph by Chidley.*



PRINCE ALBERT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN (ON RIGHT) AND  
JAMES SHERLOCK—FOR NOT FAILING TO THE SPORTSMAN'S  
GUN AT STOKE POGES AND PROVIDING MATTER FOR  
ANOTHER "ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD."

*Photograph by C.N.*



THE MARQUESS OF TULLIBARDINE—  
FOR SUPPORTING THE  
LEEK AGAINST THE DAFFODIL  
TO PROTECT THE THISTLE.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*



LADY PARKINGTON—FOR HER  
APPEAL FOR THE FAMILIES  
OF MONTENEGRIN SOLDIERS.

*Photograph by Sarony.*



FIELD-MARSHAL VON DER GOLTZ (X)—FOR HAVING BEEN  
THE GERMAN BRAIN BEHIND THE TURKISH ARMY, AND FOR  
HAVING REORGANISED IT.

*Photograph by Topical.*



LADY LOWTHER—FOR HER  
APPEAL FOR THE FAMILIES  
OF TURKISH SOLDIERS.

*Photograph by Barnett.*



MR. HARRY LAUDER—FOR CONSENT-  
ING TO PLAY HAMLET ("STRAIGHT")  
AT THE OXFORD.

*Photograph by Haines.*



MME. SARAH GRAND—FOR HAVING WRITTEN A  
RECORD "PROLOGUE" OF THREE HUNDRED  
THOUSAND WORDS.

*Photograph by Russell.*



DR. WOODROW WILSON—FOR NOT  
TALKING WHILE MR. ROOSEVELT  
HAS TO TALK IN HOSPITAL.

*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*

The Duke of Westminster recently gave a second banquet at Grosvenor House in aid of the Imperial Fund to promote Imperial Unity and Tariff Reform. The sum of £39,000 was raised in donations. The first banquet in July brought £21,000.—Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein was playing golf the other day at Stoke Poges, with James Sherlock, the professional, when a shower of shot fell around them, some striking Sherlock on the foot, but doing no serious damage. They were stray shots from a sportsman shooting birds in a neighbouring field. The Prince took the matter very lightly.—The Marquess of Tullibardine arranged to question Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons the other day as to the use of the daffodil instead of the leek as an emblem on the Welsh insurance stamps. Lord Tullibardine perhaps feels that if the leek is ousted, the thistle may also be in danger.—Lady Parkington, wife of Sir Roper Parkington, British Consul-General for Montenegro, has appealed for funds, food, and clothing on behalf of the wives and children of Montenegrin soldiers killed or wounded in the war.—Field-Marshal Von der Goltz is the distinguished German General who has organised the Turkish army on German lines.—Lady Lowther, wife of Sir Gerald Lowther, British Ambassador at Constantinople, has started a fund in aid of the wives and children of Turkish soldiers wounded in the war.—Mr. Harry Lauder is to appear as Hamlet in two scenes from "Hamlet" at a matinée of the Grand Order of Water Rats at the Oxford on Nov. 11. He will play the part "straight," that is, seriously.—Mme. Sarah Grand's new book, "Adnam's Orchard," runs to 640 pages and some 300,000 words. On the last page appear the words "End of the Prologue."—After the attempt on Mr. Roosevelt's life, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate for the U.S.A. Presidency, announced his sportsmanlike decision not to make any speeches for the present, in view of Mr. Roosevelt's mishap and Mr. Taft's not taking part in the campaign.

## WOMAN'S PROGRESS: THE TIP-TOE WALK AND ALL-FOURS CRAWL.



HEELING - OVER: A LADY WEARING SHOES WITH SIX-INCH HEELS.

Fashions in feminine gait and modes of progression change with the shape of woman's clothes. The hobble skirt, for instance, brought in a peculiar style of walking. If the six-inch heel becomes popular, woman will have to walk on the tips of her toes.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



THE ALL-FOURS COSTUME: A CRAWL THAT AIDS DIGESTION.

From America comes a story to the effect that since the distinguished Paris food-specialist, Dr. Léon Meunier, said that crawling on all-fours after meals was an aid to digestion, fashionable French dressmakers designed a special costume for this new form of exercise. It is also said that a club has been formed called the "On All-Fours Club," the members of which wear a costume in black-and-white satin, as shown in our photograph.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

**HIS MAJESTY'S.** Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. EVERY EVENING at 8.15, DRAKE, a play in 3 acts, by Louis N. Parker. Produced by SIR HERBERT TREE, in conjunction with the Author. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

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### THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE names of Barrie, Pinero, and Shaw on one programme of new pieces ought to draw, but if Mr. Frohman had not found a real plum in Mr. Barrie's "Rosalind," the entertainment would fall flat. "Rosalind" shows its author at his cleverest. He and Sardou seem poles apart, yet the Scots humourist has the Frenchman's gift for writing star parts, and all the actresses in the world will want to play Mrs. Page. And none of them will beat Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who acts it splendidly, exhibiting brilliant cleverness and commendable sincerity. Nor should the performance of Mr. Donald Calthrop be overlooked, for the young actor accomplished a very difficult task quite admirably. "Rosalind" is really something more than a star play, for whilst decidedly artificial, and by no means plausible, it has many charming notes of character, and is rich in humour. Concerning the Pinero piece, "The Widow of Wasdale Head," there is nothing to do save express amazement that such a commonplace, uninteresting work should come from his pen. "Over-ruled" is not a very good "G. B. S."; it contains many clever witticisms characteristic of its author, but suffers from the dramatist's weakness of not knowing when to stop, and there was much repetition. It is entertaining during about two-thirds, and then tails off, and in the end becomes dull. A very clever and charming performance is given by Miss Miriam Lewes.

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion," now revived by Miss Gertrude Kingston at the Little Theatre, was one of the most successful of the early Shaw pieces, and that the author should attack the critics in a discourteous leaflet because it did not imitate Tennyson's Brook seems unreasonable. But, after all, people expect "G. B. S." to be brusque and unreasonable, and the critics are accustomed to being insulted by him, both for praising and dispraising his works. The amusing "melodramatic comedy" has worn well and caused a good deal of laughter. Miss Kingston played the part of Lady Cicely very cleverly, and delighted the house by her picture of the charming amiable, diplomatic woman who "overruled" everybody. The rest of the company is not remarkably good.

### THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

#### CONSTABLE.

**Bill the Minder.** W. Heath Robinson. 10s. 6d. net.

**On Love. — On Music.** (Woodcut Library of Anthologies.)

**Adam Lindsay Gordon.** Edith Humphris and Douglas Sladen. 12s. 6d. net.

**Mahomed.** Meredith Townsend. 1s. net.

**John Millington Synge.** Francis Bickley. 1s. net.

**Lafcadio Hearn.** Edward Thomas. 1s. net.

**THE SPEAKER'S LIBRARY.**

**Elocution in the Pulpit.** Charles Seymour. 3s. net.

#### GREENING.

**The Children of the Zodiac.** Anthony Hamilton. 6s.

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**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

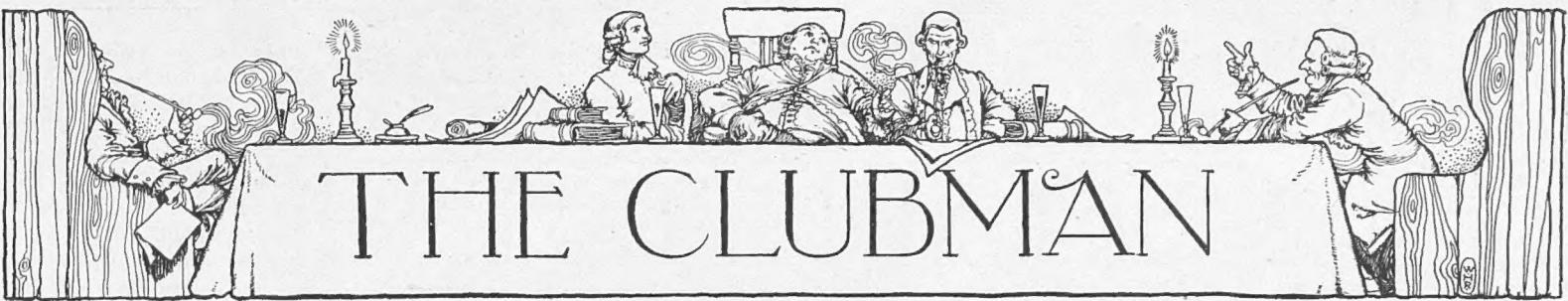
**GENERAL NOTICES.**—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.



## THE CANNES OF THE SOUTH COAST: BOURNEMOUTH—SOME IMPRESSIONS AND ADVICE.

**Amateur Burglars.** On behalf of myself and fellow amateur burglars, including a little lady with her hair down her back, and a chauffeur, I beg to return thanks to the proprietor of the garage at Lymington for the use of the tools which enabled us to repair a broken-down motor-car. A kindly gentleman of Bournemouth took me on Sunday afternoon for a run through the New Forest, his little daughter being the third car. At Lymington we found ourselves with a burst tyre, and just managed to reach the yard of the local garage. We rapped at all the doors, but there was no living soul anywhere in the building, and no passer-by could give us any information as to where we could find any of the workmen. We carried a spare wheel, but the necessary tools for taking off the old wheel were not in the box. All the windows and doors of the garage were locked or bolted, but inside the workshop we could see through the windows exactly the tools we wanted. A missing pane of glass proved our opportunity. A little arm reached up inside the window and unbolted it, the chauffeur climbed in and borrowed the tools. We changed our wheel, replaced the tools, rebolted the window, made another effort to find somebody to thank for assistance received, found nobody, and continued on our journey. If this should catch the eye of the proprietors of that garage they will know that, though we were burglars, we were not unthankful burglars.

**Art in Bournemouth.** As on arrival I drove from the station at Bournemouth to the Royal Bath Hotel—

an hotel the new great extension of which reflects the prosperity of Bournemouth—I passed a building with a graceful tower, in which, when completed, are to be housed the art and science schools established by the Municipality. Bournemouth simply bristles with art, which overflows on to the beach, for by the pier-head I found two rival artists, each with some wonderful bas-reliefs modelled in dry sand. One artist was content with the "penny plain" method; but the ambition of the other one rose to the "two-pence coloured" level, and he had covered with scarlet the tunics of his soldiers, and had otherwise highly decorated his work. One group was of such surpassing splendour that he had placed a notice by its side signifying that it was copyright. The group was of a warrior, who appeared to have been "spatch-cocked"—which I should imagine must be a painful form of death—and by him reposed on the sand his faithful steed, also defunct. "Friends to the End," the title of this great work of art, described the relations of the warrior and his charger.

**The Improvements of Bournemouth.**

I had left London enveloped in a thick fog, and found Bournemouth in brilliant sunshine. There was still a brave show of

flowers in its sheltered public gardens, the summer blossoms being yet in evidence, while the armies of chrysanthemums told that autumn is upon us. There were crowds of an evening walking on the Undercliff Drive, by the margin of the sea, and I was glad to observe that masons and road-layers are at work on the further extension of the drive, which is to be carried to Boscombe. The other project for the improvement of Bournemouth—the new pavilion—still remains a subject of much debate at the sittings of the Town Council, and the City Fathers have not yet hardened their hearts sufficiently to vote the £60,000 which is the sum required to carry out the project.

**The Great Pavilion Scheme.** I went on Saturday evening to the present Winter Gardens, where a band concert was in progress. "Standing room only" was displayed on a card at the gates, and when I entered the building I found that there was scarcely standing room, so many people had come to hear the admirable municipal orchestra play. There is not a soul in Bournemouth whom I have met who does not consider it an urgent necessity to build a larger concert-hall, in a more accessible position, and the one grumble that the visitors to Bournemouth invariably make is that on rainy days there is no place under cover where they can move about and read the papers, and take tea and listen to the band. The project of the new pavilion as it first took form did not please the Local Government Board, which, through the mouth of its President, refused to allow the town to take borrowing powers unless some of the arrangements were altered; and the authorities of Bournemouth now fear that the rates may rise if they carry out the great project under altered conditions.

**A Parallel Case.** One thing, as a well-wisher of Bournemouth, I hope the City Fathers will remember—that Bournemouth is expanding, that the people who will live in the comfortable villas springing up in all directions amongst the pines are in nine cases out of ten music-lovers, and that when the town builds a new pavilion, it should build for the Bournemouth of ten years hence, not only for the Bournemouth of to-day. If Bournemouth wishes for a parallel to its present conditions in another country, it should look to Cannes. That beautiful town led

a hermit's existence until the new Casino was built there; then all the residents in the houses in the walled-in gardens became sociable, and the great hall where the band plays is crowded every afternoon by tea-drinkers who gladly pay the admission to the Casino, and a high price for their cup of tea and cakes. Two thirds of the dinner-parties which used to be given in the villas are now given in the Casino restaurant. There are wonderful profits to be made out of tea and coffee when it is fashionable to take these sociable beverages in public.



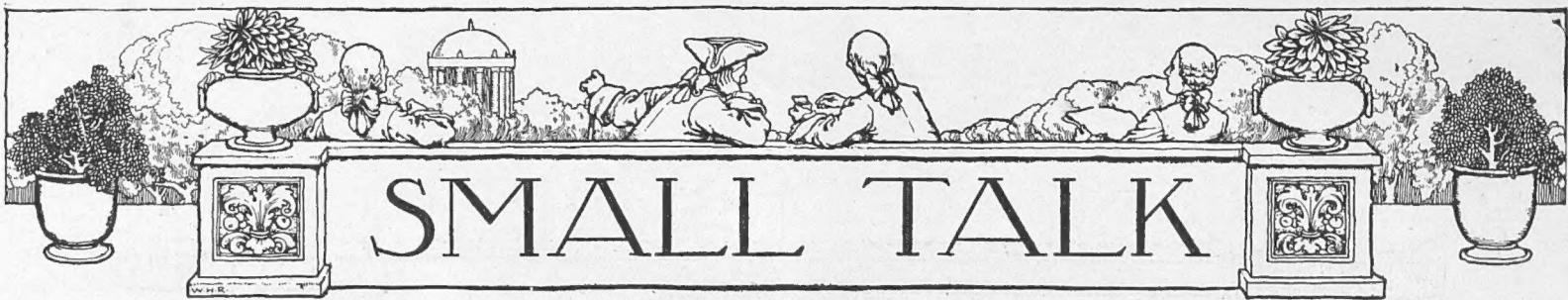
THE LADY WAR-CORRESPONDENT:  
MISS MARY EDITH DURHAM.

Miss Durham is at the Montenegrin headquarters, where she is acting as a war-correspondent for the *Daily Chronicle*, and is also taking active part in Red Cross work. She has been sending extremely "live" descriptions of the fighting. Miss Durham is an expert on the Near East and its affairs. She has been living in Montenegro for some years.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



THE BALKAN LEAGUE v. TURKEY: GREEKS REPORTING THEMSELVES TO THE GREEK CONSUL AT CARDIFF. Three hundred Greek reservists left South Wales in the middle of last week, and others were then waiting to answer the call.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



# SMALL TALK

THE entertainment of their Majesties by Mr. and Mrs. John Ward at Chilton, and shoots at Houghton and Wolferton, keep the chroniclers busy; and the Court Circular is generally full of matter. But last week there was a sudden and complete cessation of news from royal headquarters. The day that war in the Balkans became general no Sandringham news was despatched to the top of the column—a sufficient indication of King George's sense of the fitness of things.

*A Chancellor's Ghost.*

Lord Haldane's appearance in black and gold the other day was almost inspiriting, and when he settled down to the breakfast that helped informally to inaugurate him, he seemed even to enjoy being Lord Chancellor.



VISITING DURHAM CASTLE: LORD STEWART, THE HON. MAUREEN STEWART, AND LADY MARY FOX-STRANGWAYS. Lord Stewart, who was born in November 1902, is the only son of Viscount Castlereagh, only son of the Marquess of Londonderry. His sister Maureen was born in 1900; his sister Margaret in 1910. Lady Mary Fox-Strangways, born in 1903, is the only daughter of the Earl of Ilchester.—[Photograph by Topical.]

His is now a path of rosettes and mace-bearers, until at some unknown date he relinquishes the Great Seal. Then comes the fall. Lord Lyndhurst describes the end: "When I went to the Palace I alighted at the grand staircase, was received by the Gold Stick and Silver, and other officials, who called from landing to landing, and apartment to apartment, 'Room for the Lord High Chancellor of England.' I entered the presence-chamber; I gave the Seals to her Majesty. I left the apartment by another door,

put down nothing, and things not cry over lost cloaks. She advertises for them. And the circumstances in which a woman would not take trouble to recover such sables are few. There is the story of an unclaimed diamond necklace picked up at Buckingham Palace after a State Ball; in other words, the story of an uninvited guest, reluctant to come forward at any price. But it seems likely that either the necklace or the story is a sham.

*The Two Rs.*

Roosevelt and revolvers! The man thus equipped is no new problem for Mr. Roosevelt. Once in a saloon in the Western prairies an importunate and thirsty person, with a weapon in each hand, called upon him to stand drinks all round. Roosevelt rose as if to comply with the request, but in reality to deliver, and successfully, a certain left-hander he had learned at Harvard. Another time, in a newspaper office, he undertook to reason with a man noted for blasphemy and quick-shooting. "Jim," he said, "I like you, but you are the nastiest-talking man I've ever listened to." The company waited for a report, by way of retort. Instead of that, Jim looked sheepish. "I don't belong to your outfit, Mr. Roosevelt; all the same, I don't mind saying that maybe I have been a little too free in conversation." Mr. Roosevelt has ranked the achievement of the man who does the hundred yards in 9' 3-5 sec. not very much below that of the man who wrote the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Where will America place the man who makes a speech with a new bullet in his body?



WITH THE WHADDON CHASE AT WHITCHURCH, NEAR AYLESBURY: LORD DALMENY AND MRS. LAMBTON.

Photograph by Topical.

and found myself on a back staircase, down which I descended without anyone taking any notice of me until, as I was looking for my carriage at the outer door, a lackey, coming up with a patronising air, said, 'Can I do anything for you, Lord Lyndhurst?'" Lord Haldane, beware!

*A Leaning Towards Sarah.* Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's birthday, which revives in her the old fires of vivacity, brings messages to her from oldest English friends. And from the young—from Miss Cissy Loftus, for instance, who started life by imitating Sarah (she was born on the same day of the year), and who has often imitated her since. Of Mme. Bernhardt's early friends a host are dead; only the other day she went through the list, with the famous "real tears" in her eyes. Thirty years ago she had her exhibition in Bond Street, with Gladstone and Leighton and Millais to do her homage at the private view. "It is long ago; I was thin, then—too thin," she sighs. The old saying

ran: "She was certainly too thin; but no husband ever saw her without thinking his wife too fat."

*The Gormanston Baby.* Viscount Gormanston's nickname of "Co" naturally led to an amalgamation when he married Miss Eileen Butler. "Eileen and Co," at once became the friendly mode of reference. That was exactly a year ago on Saturday. A junior partner is now admitted to the firm, in the person of an infant daughter, born last Thursday.

*Hue and Cry* Mrs. Asquith's lost sables teach the at No. 10. danger of the taxi

habit. In the private car the seat can be piled high with furs, and everything is safe; in a 'bus you take off nothing and things are safer still. But Mrs. Asquith does



WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF THE MASTER OF THE WHADDON CHASE FOXHOUNDS: MRS. W. SELBY-LOWNDES AND MISS SELBY-LOWNDES.

Photograph by Topical.



AT THE NAMING OF A GIFT FROM KING GEORGE TO WINDSOR: A GROUP AT THE CEREMONY.

Lady Evelyn Mason, wife of the M.P. for Windsor, named the training-ship "King George," which has been presented to the boys of Windsor by the King for the purposes of naval instruction. In the photograph (from left to right) are Baroness de Goldsmid, Mrs. Richard Longland, Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, Lady Fremantle, Mrs. Bosanquet, and (in front) Miss Ella Ellison, daughter of the Vicar of Windsor.—[Photograph by C.N.]

## NO ONE CAN NOW DENY—"SCULPTURE, FUTURIST AND CUBIST.



1. ARCHITECTURE. BY DUCHAMP AND VILLON.

3. A DECORATIVE HEAD. BY AMÉDÉE MODIGLIANI.

2. A DECORATIVE HEAD. BY AMÉDÉE MODIGLIANI.

4. "FAMILY LIFE." BY ARCHIPENKO.

The Cubists and the Futurists have taken to sculpture; hence such works as these, which are in the "Salon d'Automne," in Paris. Of Futurist sculpture, Signor Boccioni has said: "Naturally, our sculpture will be an 'environmental' sculpture. . . . The sculptor can and must employ twenty different substances—such as glass, wood, cardboard, cement, horsehair, leather, wool, mirrors, electric light, and concrete." A principle of the Futurists is: "Sculpture should give life to objects by rendering their prolongation to space perceptible, systematic, and plastic, for no one can now deny that one object continues where another begins, and that all the things which environ our bodies—bottles, motor-cars, houses, trees, and streets—cut and intersect it, forming an arabesque of lines, curved and straight."



"A SHREWD MAN OF—CHARITY": SIR ERNEST CASSEL.

EVERY year Newmarket revives the old saying: Edward VII. had asked a privileged companion if he had seen the new play, "The Importance of Being Earnest." "No," was the reply, "but I've seen the importance of being Ernest Cassel." The Second Newmarket Meeting of 1912, again aware of Sir Ernest's horses, was again aware in a greater measure of Sir Ernest himself, of a financial genius at play in its midst. By force of habit he heads the charity subscription lists; by force of much the same habit he makes a "book" that is always the most exciting literature of the Autumn Meetings.

**The Favourites.** At the death of Edward VII., Sir Ernest figured in "Max's" cartoon of the deceased monarch's favourites. They moved in procession towards the palace, and the legend ran, "Are we still welcome?" The Rothschilds, the Sassoons, the Montefiores, and the other familiars of a King who, to his own great delight, had himself been taken for a Jew while travelling incognito, were supposed to be in suspense. The same gentle solicitude was expressed in some quarters on behalf of the Marquis de Soveral. Both M. de Soveral and Sir Ernest Cassel may have been gratified by the anxiety of others on their behalf; but the idea that the present King would blue-pencil the list of his father's friends out of existence did not long survive his Accession. M. de Soveral was never more at Court (though he no longer has any of his own) than during the past six months; and Sir Ernest Cassel's coverts at Moulton Paddocks are again to provide sport for a royal gun.

**According to Sir Ernest.** Asked for some account of himself as a sportsman, Sir Ernest answers that he is a financier. Pressed for points in his financial life, he pleads that he is sportsman pure and

persuaded that his beginnings are of any importance to the public.

According to King Edward.

"He is a shrewd man of—charity," said King Edward, without the faintest suggestion of a gibe. The "anonymous" gift of two hundred thousand to a pet scheme of the late King's is the best-remembered of Sir Ernest's loyal contributions. The method was showy, but the scheme, which needed the advertisement more than Sir Ernest

needed it, prospered. He is a shrewd man of charity because he really has his charities at heart, and he would no more think of neglecting them than of neglecting his business.

**Abroad.** Sir Ernest has

wasted neither time nor money. None of his sixty years has been scamped, with the result that they have left their mark. Family bereavements have added not a little to the gravity of a demeanour naturally reserved; but Sir Ernest is still a man whose talk is the best of its kind—the talk of a man in whom the cynic and the sentimentalist are always at war, but without hope of a final surrender on either side. One of the Bond-men (in the profitable sense) of Egypt, he has also been a prop of industrial Sweden, and instrumental in solving more than one muddled problem of international finance. A Loan was the

reason of his last visit to Constantinople and his last audience of the Sultan; and for the moment, despite the distractions of Newmarket, most of his thoughts are of Turkey. If he has more to say about "Grey," his horse, than about Grey, the Minister, it is because he never tells secrets.

**At Home.** For music he has more than an Englishman's liking. He is in the running with Mr. Alfred de Rothschild at the Opera for Mr. Neil Forsyth's good-attendance



SEVERING THE CORD TO RELEASE THE "IRON DUKE":  
THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON AT A LAUNCH.  
*Photograph by Sport and General.*



BY NO MEANS AS TIMID AS THE REAL BULL MOOSE! EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, WHO WAS SHOT THE OTHER DAY.

We need scarcely remind our readers that an attempt to assassinate Colonel Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States, was made last week at Milwaukee. A bullet lodged in Colonel Roosevelt's chest, but he insisted, nevertheless, on going to the meeting he had arranged to address, and spoke for 105 minutes. It was a most dramatic speech. The bullet was stopped by the manuscript of the speech in one of Mr. Roosevelt's pockets; but, for all that, the bullet made a deep wound in the chest-wall, traversing some four inches, and also broke a rib. Fortunately, at the moment of writing, Mr. Roosevelt is progressing satisfactorily. With regard to his nickname, it is amusing to note that the real bull moose is a timid animal.

*Photograph by L.N.A.*



CLAIMING THE EARLDOM OF NEWBURGH AND THE EYRE ESTATES, ESTIMATED TO BE WORTH £6,000,000: MR. WYNFORD BRIERLEY.

Mr. Wynford Brierley, of New Malden, Surrey, now engaged in literary work, commenced his working career as a half-timer in a cotton-mill, and is the son of cotton-spinners. He is claiming the earldom of Newburgh, stating that he is the rightful heir to that title; and is claiming also the Eyre estates, in Derbyshire, which are of an estimated value of £6,000,000. The present Earl of Newburgh, the ninth holder of the title, lives in Rome, and in Italy is styled Prince Giustiniani-Bandini. In 1885, he married Donna Maria Lanza di Trabia, daughter of the Prince di Trabia e di Butera, of Palermo. In Italy, his eldest son, Viscount Kynnauld, is known as the Duke di Mondragone.

*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*

TRAMPLERS AND TRAMPLED UPON: "DOORMATS" AND "BOOTS,"  
AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.



1. CAPTAIN HARDING HAS HIS PORTRAIT PAINTED BY NOEL GALE, VERY MUCH LESS WITH THE IDEA OF ENCOURAGING THAT ARTIST THAN WITH THE OBJECT OF SEEING HIS WIFE, LEILA GALE.

2. "DOORMAT" IN CHIEF: NOEL (MR. GERALD DU MAURIER) WITH HIS PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN HARDING. | 3. A PAIR OF "BOOTS": LEILA (MISS MARIE LÖHR) AND CAPTAIN HARDING (MR. DAWSON MILWARD).

Captain Harding becomes very fond of Noel Gale's wife, Leila, who, on her side, finds him very attractive. Noel is a "doormat"; that is to say, one of those persons destined to be trampled upon through life. Leila is the chief "boot." Hence the fact that her flirtation goes for a while unnoticed, and so unchecked. It develops considerably while Noel is in the United States, executing a commission; and on the husband's return there is a great to-do and talk of divorce. Then it is revealed that Captain Harding, whom Leila has looked upon as a "doormat," is in reality a military "boot" of the most selfish type. In the end, husband and wife are re-united. In the first photograph (from left to right) are Mr. Alfred Bishop as Uncle Rufus, Mr. Gerald du Maurier as Noel, Mr. Dawson Milward as Captain Harding, Miss Nina Boucicault as Aunt Josephine, and Miss Marie Löhr as Leila.



## DOORMATS AND BOOTS: THE DOORMAT THAT KEPT THE "BOOT" AND THE 'BOOT THAT "GOT THE BOOT."

**"Doormats."** "Doormats" is not a very alluring title for a play, and, of course, what little merit it possessed in the way of exciting curiosity vanished on the first night, after which everybody knew that the name referred to a long speech in the last act, uttered by Aunt Josephine. The old lady, quite a dear old lady, told us that mankind is divided into two classes, the givers and the takers. She called the former the "doormats"; but she had never been able to find a name for the latter, and was grateful when the hero made the prodigiously obvious suggestion of "boots." All this was very artificial as well as shallow, and, in a way, it reminded the old hand of the famous, really fine speech in "Le Demi-Monde," about the *pêche à quinze sous*. It is difficult to guess why such a clever, experienced dramatist as Mr. Hubert Henry Davies should have introduced this triviality, and rather spoilt the part of Aunt Josephine by its introduction. For Auntie, and her husband, Uncle Rufus, form the most agreeable part of the play. Up to a certain point they are admirably drawn studies of a "doormat" and a "boot," and then, apparently, the author grew distrustful of the audience, and put so many crosses to his "t's" and dots to his "i's" that the characters passed from comedy

to farce—much to our loss. No doubt they are not essential persons of the piece, but merely employed, quite skilfully and legitimately, as part of the machinery: the essential folk are a doormat husband, his wife and her suitor, who both belong to the "boot" department.

**The Old Trio.** These three are old stage friends, and there

is little in them of the nice observation of character that distinguishes the author's best work. Moreover, alas! he



UNCLE RUFUS, THE BOOT, GRUMBLES ABOUT SAUSAGES TO JOSEPHINE, THE DOORMAT, HIS WIFE: MR. ALFRED BISHOP AS UNCLE RUFUS AND MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS AUNT JOSEPHINE.

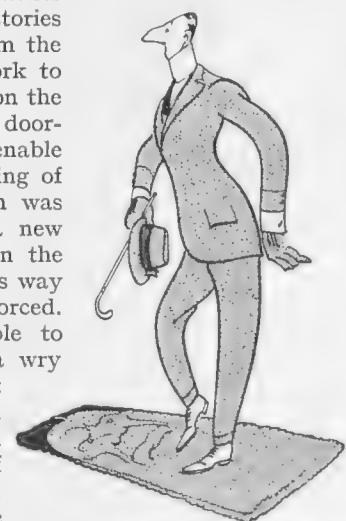
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

has given his indisputable wit a holiday. A good many playgoers will notice the resemblance between this play and that very, very naughty farce, "Divorçons"; there is even a resemblance in the fact that the authors of both works speak of their farces as comedies. Mr. Davies, however, to be fair, conducts his first act as comedy—very excellent and promising comedy, too—about a young artist and his pretty wife and a philandering soldier. The young wife, Leila Gale (a very unsubstantially drawn young lady), is one of those who, in defiance of proverbial wisdom, is anxious to keep the old love as well as the new—the old love as a sort of husband-friend or friend-husband without, apparently, normal privileges; and the new love in the capacity of "walking-stick"—a phrase used, I believe, by girls of a humbler class. I am not sure that "Walking-Sticks" would not be a better title for the play than "Doormats." Of course, she did not intend the "walking-stick" to have any greater privileges than the husband; but the "walking-stick"—or shall I say, "military-cane"?—particularly when he happens to be a "boot," is apt to demand a more

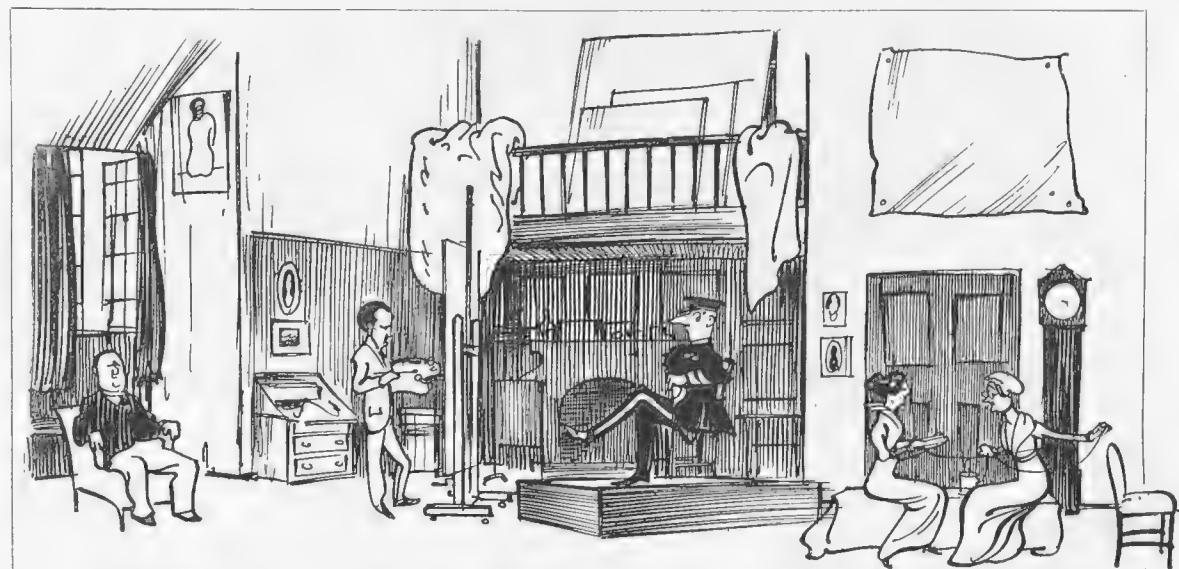
nourishing diet than little furtive hugs and kisses. So, after all, poor Leila discovered that it is dangerous to have two beaux to one string, and that she must cast in her lot with one or the other. Here, of course, the "doormat" triumphed, for Mr. Davies does not belong to those dreadful new dramatists who insist upon plays ending as their stories would in real life. He holds aloof from the modern movement, and confines his work to clever little plays lying comfortably upon the surface of life. The simple-minded "doormat," with great astuteness, offered to enable Leila to get a divorce on the undertaking of the Captain to marry her. The Captain was willing, but Leila suddenly became a new woman, of whom there were no traces in the early part of the play: she refused this way out, and insisted that she should be divorced. The dear old "doormat" was too noble to hear of this, and the Captain pulled a wry face at the third course—an elopement and no divorce—and naturally figured unheroically in the conversation; and so, if I may borrow from the figure of the play, he "got the boot." And yet, as you will see, he did not get the "boot," for Leila re-transferred her affections to her husband, and the play closed when she was wiping her rather dirty little *bottines* on the unlucky "doormat." It is the sort of "happy-ever-after" ending which promises a new chapter, but that is another story—or perhaps I ought to say, *une autre paire de bottes*.

### An Unsatisfying Trifle.

It seems a pity that a man of such talent as Mr. Davies does not use his very considerable gifts to greater purpose than writing these trifling plays. We know quite well that work of far higher quality is within his compass; one is inclined to groan rather than laugh at his little comic breakfast scene, or the rather funny business of the removal of the breakfast things, or the passage where the husband, in order to arouse his wife's jealousy, and thereby win back her love, pretends that he has been flirting with a pretty American. One expects this kind of thing in the rough-and-ready imported farce, but not in drama by a man of Mr. Davies' calibre. No one, not even he, would ask to have his piece acted better than it is. Mr. Alfred Bishop is Uncle Rufus, not acts Uncle Rufus; and he gets every penny-weight of fun out of the part. Miss Boucicault renders Aunt Josephine quite delightfully. The part of the husband comes easily within the range of Mr. du Maurier; Miss Marie Löhr gives a perfect picture of the little wife, whilst Mr. Dawson Milward represents the fatuous soldier-man admirably.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



THE MILITARY BOOT:  
MR. DAWSON MILFARD  
AS CAPTAIN HARDING.  
CARICATURED BY H. M.  
BATEMAN.



THAT STUDIO OF GALE'S! THE AMERICAN CONFERENCE AT NOEL'S—AND A SITTING BY CAPTAIN HARDING.  
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

## OUR UNTAMED ARTIST AT THE PLAY: "DOORMATS."



- 1 A BOOT AND DOORMAT DUET: MISS MARIE LÖHR AS LEILA AND MR. GERALD DU MAURIER AS NOEL.
2. THE DIVORCE CONFERENCE: MISS MARIE LÖHR AS LEILA, MR. DAWSON MILWARD AS CAPTAIN HARDING, AND MR. GERALD DU MAURIER AS NOEL.

Mr. Hubert Henry Davies' "Doormats," a comedy in three acts, is being presented at Wyndham's Theatre by Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Mr. Frank Curzon.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, whose Grecian nephews and nieces are at work in the hospitals at the front, has shown, and is showing, her acute interest in the work of the Red Cross. She is President of the British Red Cross Society, which is now offering its services in the Balkans. Other ladies belong to that Society. And so does Sir Frederick Treves—which reminds one that it was his phrase about the plague of women in South Africa that brought Mr. Winston Churchill to his feet with a gallant repudiation. Queen Alexandra has been passing a period of suspense in Norway and Denmark, and her return to England is a relief insofar as she will be nearer the great arteries of the cables that bring word of the involving of more and yet more relatives in the war.

*"The Queen was in the Larder."*

MARRIED ON THE 17TH: MRS. ROWLAND ST. JOHN, FORMERLY MISS MADGE LOCKWOOD. Miss Lockwood is the daughter of the late Sir Frank Lockwood, K.C., M.P. The wedding was at St. Luke's, Chelsea.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

which means full larders and a vast surplus of birds. The royal custom of sending ten brace of pheasants to certain people who figured on a very restricted list, and large consignments to hospitals and other institutions, was a custom inaugurated by Queen Victoria. Such was found the simplest way of dealing with big bags. In those days the keepers' task of labelling and despatching was comparatively easy. But the ten-brace rule is not now always observed: the list is larger, and the birds fewer, or, rather, more widely distributed. And yet the problem is still one of an overstocked larder. With the King at Sandringham, and on a round of visits to neighbouring coverts, it follows that considerable numbers of the people to whom the royal birds might otherwise be despatched themselves helped to fill the overflowing bags.

Sir Thomas Lipton is showing a caution that milder men would have

learned when the first *Shamrock* was "plucked" in American waters. He has decided not to

challenge unless he has reasonable assurance that his new conditions as to craft and course will be accepted.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lip-ton" is at last to be his motto. "But I am still hopeful," he said the other day as he started for New York; "I begin to believe the man who told me that I shall win—in 1939."

*A Queen's Sorrows.* Queen Elena has the sympathy of nations.

To have seen Italy make peace with Turkey almost at the moment that her father (King Nicholas of Montenegro) declared war was as calamitous and tragic a circumstance as could befall any queen, and one that could befall nobody but a queen. Wherever she is known, the Queen of Italy is popular. Her only fault, according to Italians who are ready to acclaim

MISS OLIVE TURNER-FARLEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. RONALD STEUART-MENZIES WAS FIXED FOR OCT. 19. The bride is the younger daughter of the late Mr. T. M. Turner-Farley, of Wartnaby Hall, Melton Mowbray, and of Mrs. Turner-Farley, of Rosiliian, Falmouth. Mr. Steuart-Menzies is in the Scots Guards.

[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

her as a reigning beauty, is that she is too little known, that she keeps within doors, perhaps within nursery doors. Her seclusion has made the learning of Italian a much longer process than it might otherwise have been; but now she is word-perfect. For some years before her marriage she was well known in the sedate society of Venice, where she saw her friends as quietly as any other young woman from the other side of the Adriatic. Then her ideal of home was the green-shuttered palace in Cettinje. What of it now?

*Lady Torrington's Horses.* Lady Torrington, who ran Abelard II.

for the Autumn

Handicap, has always been as fond of her string of horses as of her strings of pearls. Only the other day she was Miss Eleanor Souray, but even then she had her stable at Goby. A long sea-voyage with his mother some little time before his marriage did not suffice to shake

Lord Torrington's

inclination for the

Turf, and for a

bride with similar

tastes. He has exceeded

the speed-limit on the road, and it is to be

hoped that his horses and his wife's may

prove equally speedy on the course. Mr.

James Todhunter Sloan, the one and only

"Tod," was, it may be remembered, Lord

Torrington's best man at the wedding in

Paris.

*"Whist!"* On his arrival at Magdalen the

Prince of Wales could not knock a nail into his wall without the reporters getting wind of it. No Pressman, of course, was within earshot of his hammer; but there was leakage in regard to every trivial incident of the first few days. But now, to his great relief, it would seem as if he were to be allowed some sort of privacy, the privacy of a college which is walled and gated. But will he be allowed a game of bridge without his winnings, or losses, getting into print? Whether a man wins from, or loses to, Royalty, he seems unable to refrain from talking about it. Even Gladstone gossiped when he had gambled at

Windsor: "I had won two-and-twopence at

the end, eight-pence of which was paid me by the Prince. I mean to keep the two penny pieces; the sixpence I cannot identify." Later, one heard of young ladies who worked gold coins won at Court into personal adornments. For the moment there is a return to the Bronze Age at Oxford, where the latest fluctuation of fashion has decided that serious gambling is silly.

Another coincidence!

Mr. H. G. Wells, invited last week to a fancy-dress party, left his desk at the last minute and taxied to Clarkson's. "Any costume, in a hurry," he babbled, and put on the first that came—a naval affair. "Why, look at the buttons," he gasped. "Well?" queried the costumier. "Wells, you mean," said the novelist. Every button had "H. G. W." engraved on it.

THE HON. ROWLAND ST. JOHN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS MADGE LOCKWOOD TOOK PLACE ON OCT. 17.

Mr. St. John is the third son of the sixteenth Baron St. John of Bletso.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN CHARLES ASHTON JAMES ON OCT. 24: MISS EVELYN LILIAN KEKEWICH.

Miss Kekewich is the only daughter of Mr. Lewis P. Kekewich, of Kidbrooke Park, Forest Row, Sussex, and is a niece of Lady Willoughby de Broke. Captain James, of Barrock Park, Cumberland, is in the Indian Army.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

TO MARRY LIEUTENANT AYLMER N. G. FIREBRACE, R.N., ON THE 26TH: MISS DOROTHY GREY.

Miss Grey is the only daughter of Mr. Douglas Grey, of Accra. Lieutenant Firebrace is the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Firebrace, R.A., and of Mrs. Firebrace, of Southsea.

[Photograph by Lafayette.]

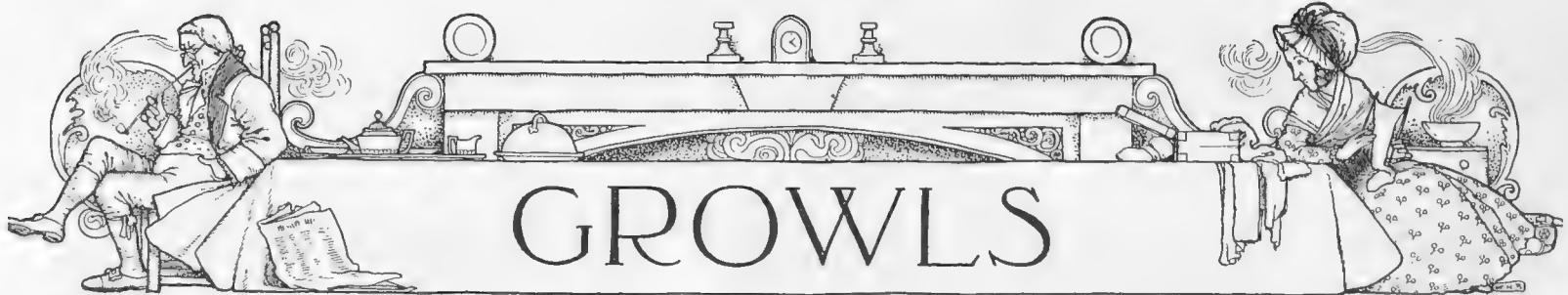
## THE PROFILE OF EVERYWOMAN: A MORALITY SHADOW.



SILHOUETTED BY PHOTOGRAPHY: MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.

Miss Carlisle has made a great success as Everywoman in the modern morality play of that name at Drury Lane.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by E. O. Hoppé.



# GROWLS

THE CRIMINALITY OF CLOCKS : FIENDISH TRICKS OF LONDON'S PUBLIC TIMEPIECES.

IT is all very well to treat this subject with airy insouciance and to agree with the seer of ages past that time was made for slaves, but as a matter of historical fact he wrote in an era when there were no trains to catch, when the keeping of appointments was a thing of no particular moment—when, in fact, men were not the slaves of time. To-day it is different, and with a few glaring exceptions, whom I should dearly love to name, people are under the grim necessity of arriving punctually at certain places. Now, as one of these, I have a grievance deep and lasting. There is a large and increasing number of individuals who, from vain-gloriousness or other reasons, elect to decorate the exterior of their premises with clocks; and, partly owing to the negligence of the owner, partly to the congenital contrariness of clocks, and partly to the inherent devilry of Fate, no two of these publicly exhibited timepieces were ever known to display the same time. It is not only private persons who are at fault. Government buildings, post-offices, and even churches are equally to blame. I have seen the clock on St. James's Palace unblushingly delude the passer-by into the idea that it was a quarter past one, when all the time it must have known from the post-office clock just across the road that the hour of one had not yet been reached; and I have seen the clock upon the church of St. Clement Dane's, which surely ought to know better, pointing to noon, while its more dependable confrère protruding from the Law Courts was striking a quarter to four. It is amazing and outrageous that this should be permitted. In the course of a cab-drive to Liverpool Street I have twice broken out into a cold sweat on discovering from these pieces of malignant mechanism that I had not time to catch my train, only to find, a few yards further on, that I had at least twenty minutes in hand. The route to Paddington has been an agony, and the drive to Waterloo a torture. I have kept appointments in a state of mental perturbation bordering on aphasia, and have arrived at dinner-parties in a condition of moral and physical pulp.

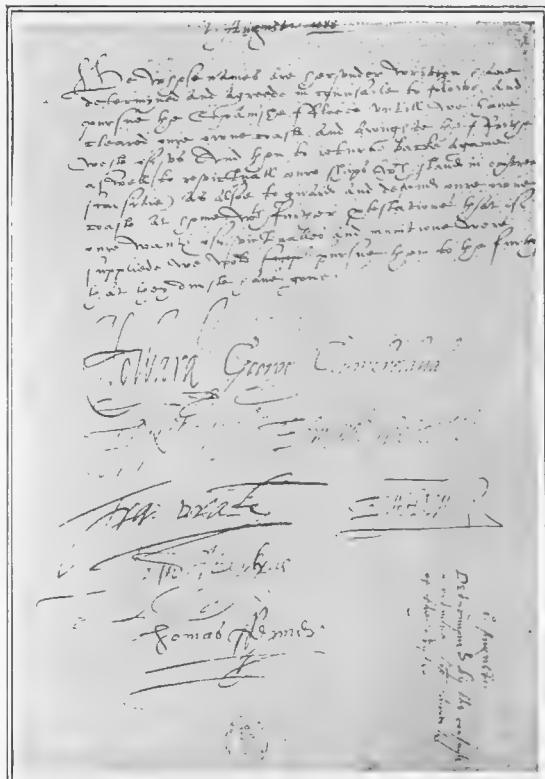
It is difficult to fathom its inexplicability. The motives of a person who erects a clock for all the world to see. By dint of giving himself a vast amount of trouble he obtains, at the most, the satisfaction of stating what is the correct time—a bald and unimaginative achievement enough; while, by his negligence, he may inflict suffering and inconvenience on such of his fellow-creatures as pass that way. Sometimes I have a feeling that all this chronic divergence of clocks cannot be completely accidental, and I picture to myself a fiend in human form peeping through a blind and gloating over the thought of trains being missed and

tempers tried, and seem to hear a ghoulish chuckle as he glories in his hideous handiwork. In any case, the time has arrived to remedy this ghastly state of things. Life is not worth living under such circumstances. Suppose every householder and shopkeeper took it into his or her head to ornament the front of his or her habitation or place of business with a clock with its hands arranged at an angle totally different from that adopted by the immediate neighbours. The effect might be bizarre, even picturesque, but the result would be pan-metropolitan insanity. Should I be permitted by the law to erect a sign-post before my house fallaciously and maliciously misdirecting people, say, to Tooting? Would the law allow me to post false news in my window, informing a gullible world of the elopement of the Archbishop of Canterbury or the cession of Gibraltar to the Germans? Of course not. Then why should irresponsible persons be allowed to disseminate erroneous information through the medium of equally irresponsible clocks?

A Solemn Warning.

I fully realise that it is not easy to secure anything in the nature

of a reform nowadays. There is a great deal too much legislation going on for any reform to have a look in. But surely Parliament might find time to consider a short Synchronisation Bill punishing with fine or imprisonment, or both, anybody exhibiting a clock not accurately giving the time of day. It would be worth any member's while to specialise on the subject, for such a measure would be sure of a wide popularity. It is not only urbans to whom it would appeal. Visitors to London suffer just as much, and possibly more, from this pestiferous misinformation. Many a hitherto unblemished suburban has burst into unbridled language in his bewilderment, and many a till now pure-minded provincial has consigned the capital to nether regions in the anguish of his soul. Cannot some budding Boanerges from the boroughs or some coming Cato from the counties lift up his voice at Westminster and make the rafters ring with his denunciation of this crying abuse? The need is urgent, for the alternative is lawlessness. Far be it from me to advocate the policy of taking the law into our own hands and meting out summary justice to the miscreants who delude us with false hopes and depress us with false threats. I would merely point out that bad language has its limitations, and that the mendacious faces of clocks are easy things to break. Some village Hampden might go even further, and some Cromwell guiltless (up to now) of his country's blood might even point out the adaptability of London's lamp-posts to lynching purposes.—MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



A GROWL BY DRAKE AND OTHERS: A MOST INTERESTING DOCUMENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.  
Now that "Drake" is running at His Majesty's with so much success, the document reproduced above gains more than ordinary interest. It reads: "We whose names are hereunder written have determined and agreede in counsaile to followe and pursue the Spanishe Fleete untill we have cleared oure owne coaste and brought the Frythe Weste of us and then to returne backe againe as well to revictuall oure ships (which stand in extreme scarcis) as also to guard and defend oure owne coaste at home; with further protestations that if oure wantes of victualles and munitions were suppliede we wold pursue them to the furthest that they durste have gone. C. Howard [Lord Howard of Effingham], G. Cumberland [Earl of Clifford], T. Howard [Lord Thomas Howard], Edmund Sheffield [Lord Sheffield], Fra. Drake [Sir Francis Drake], Edw. Hoby [Sir Edward Hoby], John Hawkins [Sir John Hawkins], Thomas Fenner [Captain]. 1<sup>o</sup> Augusti. Determined by the Co[u]nsaile to returne from thwarte of the frythe."—[Photograph by Donald Macbeth.]



FRIENDLIER THAN HE WOULD PROBABLY BE AT THE MOMENT: KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA TALKING TO THE HEADMAN OF A TURKISH VILLAGE.  
Photograph by Chuscan-Flavien.

*Things that Keep Us Awake.*

No. II.—WHAT TO SAY TO THE WIFE IN THE MORNING.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.

## FIVE O'CLOCK

## FRIVOLITIES



## ARMS AND THE WOMAN: THE FIRST LADY WAR-CORRESPONDENT.

By MARTHE TROY - CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*

“BY Jove, there is no doubt that you women are advancing, don’t you know. Just fancy, that girl in Montenegro, a war-correspondent! It’s a risky business that, don’t you know, and among those uncivilised people, too! You can be made a prisoner or court-martialled or held to ransom, and all that kind of thing. You feminists have got a goal this time, don’t you know.”

There is something in the sweet anguish of an autumn afternoon which renders discussion with a commonplace if decorative young man a blasphemous pity. So I smiled and said, “Of course.” Commonplace and talkative, young men are generally satisfied with that; it allows them to pursue their halting and obvious monologue. But when he was gone—the silly, beautiful ephebe, with his plastered hair, his autumnally tinted suit, and his eternal “don’t you know”—I thought how queer was his point of view, and that of man generally. What is there so surprising that there should be a lady war-correspondent? The surprising thing is not that she dared be, but that she has been allowed to be. I do not consider that we are advancing, that we are advancing,

of women do not possess the same kind of courage as men, for woman is the vessel of the race, and risking her life would mean risking other lives. But she has the bravery of tenacity—the facing of a thousand-and-one little horrors, the acceptance of long-drawn-out torture, and that wonderful form of courage which consists in hiding pain. (At that woman excels.) The Servian women are drilling for warfare. What of that? It does not show that they are advancing, but merely not degenerating. Greater still was the courage of those Grecian women who, after the taking of their village and the extermination of their men, killed themselves rather than belong to the enemy. And the beautiful manner of their suicide was more admirable still than the act itself. They went—all maidens, matrons, and old women—in their best finery—their embroidered clothes, their necklaces and headdresses of gold and silver pieces, their silk aprons, their little red, pointed shoes, threaded with filigree; they went, dressed as for Easter Day or for the Mass, on to the cliffs in a great *ferandole*, singing as they went, hand in hand, one of the doleful tunes of their country—a tune in a minor key, such as is sung in all vanquished countries, in Poland, in Alsace: people will sing often when they dare not weep. On the cliffs, still singing and still holding hands, the ring of women dropped into the sea. It requires more courage to do this than to fight, but less than to sit at a sewing-machine night after night, week after week, for months and years, until the children can feed themselves, and youth is gone, and health and hope.

Woman is not advancing—that is, her type is not finer than it was, but she is more in evidence. Woman now can go anywhere. This used to be said of man with far less truth. Man may make his way as an explorer in a virgin forest with axe and knife, hacking, breaking, crushing, and leaving behind him rough tracks by which anyone knows of his progress. He advances with trajectory force, if not directness; woman feels her way more than she makes it. She gets there very much as the Thames water fills a lock—insensibly, inexorably, at one with the very stones, invading, drop by drop, rising, rising, rising, filling it. Man uses determination; woman, instinct. She has remained astonishingly primitive compared with him. Civilisation and its disadvantages have hardly spoiled her—animally speaking, that is, of course; humanly speaking, she has remained the more perfect, because the more natural of the two. While man was specialising she remained, wisely, an all-round creature, adaptable, capable of making shift and of lending herself to circumstances. Man has specialised so successfully that he has no single value: he is part and parcel of society; he can work for it, but not for himself.

It is a typical fact that of all the war-correspondents the only woman among them was also the only one to watch the first battle and cable the first news. Horses were unavailable, yet she obtained one. There is fairy in every woman. The godmother of Cinderella made a horse out of a mouse—I like to think Miss Durham got her horse out of a smile. Every soldier may carry a marshal’s baton in his knapsack, but every woman carries a sceptre in her vanity-bag—only many of them, poor, silly souls, have no vanity-bag.



BY A CHILD WITH WHOM ART TAKES THE PLACE OF DOLLS: "THE MERMAID AND SHIP"—INSPIRED BY HANS ANDERSEN.

In his Introduction to "A Child's Visions," by Daphne Allen, Mr. Lewis Hind wrote: "Other children play seriously with dolls. Daphne plays seriously with Art. Before she was twelve, she had made thousands of drawings. Why so much of her work should deal with sacred themes I cannot explain. That is her secret. The child has made many other drawings of fancy-land, of romance-land."

Photograph by *Newspaper Illustrations*.

but simply that men are giving us more scope. There always were brave women. It is a wise precaution of Nature that the majority



THE THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD ARTIST WHO HAS HAD A "ONE-GIRL SHOW" AT THE DUDLEY GALLERIES: MISS DAPHNE ALLEN.

Little Miss Daphne Allen, whose wonderfully precocious drawings have attracted so much interest, recently had an exhibition of her work, under the title of "Visions and Fancies," at the Dudley Galleries. To quote Mr. Lewis Hind again: "They are concrete visions . . . showing delicate fancy, and a remarkable power in drawing and composition—visions done 'out of the head,' never from models, and always, I believe, without effort, or tuition from her parents."

Photograph by *Newspaper Illustrations*.



A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD AS VISUALISED BY A CHILD: "THE HIGHWAYMAN," BY DAPHNE ALLEN.

In Miss Daphne Allen's book of drawings, "A Child's Visions" (George Allen and Co.), Mr. W. D. Ellis, of the Colonial Office, writes, in a preface: "The drawings are, to my personal knowledge, both in design and execution, the entirely original and unaided work of a child aged now just thirteen years."—[Photograph by *Partridge's Pictorial Press*.]

## IMPRESSIONS,



SHE (gazing at a Post-Impressionist picture of a Five o'Clock in the Bois): Ah, here's a picture of the Balkans.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, M. ABEL FAIVRE, AND OF THE "FIGARO," OF PARIS.



THE FIRST TALKER: Lot o' talk about this 'ere Eu-gen-ics—wot is it?

THE SECOND TALKER: W'll, same's this 'ere. S'posin' your father was a born-drunk an' yer mother balmy, w'll then, your missus 'ud be took away from yer an' 'ud 'ave ter marry me or Bill, us bein' fine, upstandin' bachelors.

THE FIRST TALKER: He! an' wot about me?

THE SECOND TALKER: You? Oh, you'd be stuck in quod, old son—an' kep' there.



## ROYALTY AND LOYALTY: FANNY BURNEY AT THE COURT OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE.\*

Fanny Burney's  
Court Duties.

Indulging in mock heroics, Fanny Burney writes, on Dec. 27, 1785: "My first thought was to faint away, as that was the thing that had always appeared to me the most delicate and interesting upon all tender occasions. But . . . notwithstanding I had resolved upon this plan, I could not put it in execution! . . . Though the moment I stood before the King, I said to myself: 'This is the time now I'll swoon!' I could not do it!" Soon she was to lose even simulated fear at the near sight of majesty: in the following June, she was offered a post at Court, and found herself, Second Keeper of the Robes, in attendance on the person of Queen Charlotte, and learning her duties. Rising at six, she had to wait for her first summons, which came at any time from seven to eight. "The Queen never sends for me," she says, "till her hair is dressed. . . . Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. . . . By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King. . . . I then return to my own room for breakfast. . . . At nine o'clock I . . . make a serious examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business. . . . That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve. . . . A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. . . . We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hairdresser is admitted. . . . On his departing, the dressing is resumed, and soon finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bed-time. . . . At five we have dinner." Tea was served for the Keepers of the Robes in the dining, or eating-room, as it was usually called. "I find," writes Fanny, "that it has always belonged to Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Haggerdorn to receive at tea whatever company the King or Queen invite to the Lodge, as it is only a very select few that can eat with their Majesties, and those few are only ladies; no men, of what rank soever, being permitted to sit in the Queen's presence. . . . I come to my little supper at near eleven. . . . Between eleven and twelve my last summons usually takes place."

Knives for  
Pea-Eating.

To the picture of Court life succeeds one eloquent of that in the houses of those of moderate means. This is quoted from Mrs. Papendiek's "Journals": "Silver forks were only used by the nobility and foreign Ambassadors. Forks [in ordinary use] had still only three prongs, so knives were made with broad ends for eating peas in summer, and the same of a smaller size for catching up the juice of a fruit-pie."

The King  
Ill and Well.

And then more glimpses at things royal, in happy days and sad. There came the illness, the terrible illness, of the King, and much alarm. ". . . The King, at dinner, had broken forth into positive delirium, which long had been menacing all who saw him most closely; and the Queen was so overpowered as to fall into violent hysterics. All the Princesses were in misery, and the Prince of Wales had burst into tears." Things got worse and worse. "The poor King, who had showed no disposition to violence, had, nevertheless, been subjected by his doctors to the severe discipline of the strait-waistcoat; he was secluded from the Queen and his family; and he was denied the use of a knife and fork, of scissors, or of any instrument with which he might inflict bodily injury." Next was the King restored to normality. The rejoicings were spontaneous, great, and embarrassing. Joy took strange shapes. There was a Recovery Scarf "of pale cream colour, upon the centre of which is engraved a picture representing 'His Majesty's happy meeting with the Queen and the Princess Amelia.' The Doctors Willis, who are seen standing apart, weep at the affecting scene. At each end of the scarf are medallions containing the mottoes: 'A King restored,' 'A People joyful.' " At a ball in honour of the event, "the ladies were in . . . blue and scarlet and white [Lady Louisa Stuart is quoted] . . . The chaperons wore blue nightgowns . . ." "All the ladies," says another eyewitness, "wore bandeaux . . . with the words, 'God Save the King.' "

Loyal Bathing-  
Dress; and a Band  
in a Machine.

Even more extravagance was in evidence during the royal visit to Weymouth. "The loyalty of this place is excessive," writes Fanny Burney; "they have dressed out every street

with labels of 'God Save the King'; all the shops have it over the doors; all the children wear it in their caps, all the labourers in their hats, and all the sailors in their voices, for they never approach the house without shouting it aloud. . . . The bathing-machines make it their motto over all their windows, and those bathers that belong to the Royal dippers wear it in *bandeaux* on their bonnets to go into the sea, and have it again in large letters round their waists to encounter the waves. Flannel dresses tucked up, and no shoes nor stockings, with *bandeaux* and girdles, have a most singular appearance, and when first I surveyed these loyal nymphs, it was with some difficulty I kept my features in order. Nor is this all. Think but of the surprise of his Majesty when, the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his Royal head under water than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up 'God Save great George our King.' "—Of scores of such entertaining things is Miss Hill's "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte," a book which all should read and read again.



AUTHOR OF A VOLUME ON THE SAME LINES AS THE "ALPHABET OF THE SAINTS":

THE VERY REVEREND MONSIGNOR ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

When Messrs. Longmans announced Monsignor Benson's new book a while ago, they said of it: "This is a volume on the same lines as the 'Alphabet of Saints.' It is a thorough summary of the Rule of Life suggested in the 'Penny Catechism,' describing the life and the devotions of the Catholic child from morning to night. . . . It is intended as an attractive rule to be learned by heart by Catholic children from the age of five or six upwards; and the illustrations are intended to interest and amuse, as well as to help the memory." Monsignor Benson is a Priest in the Catholic Archdiocese of Westminster, was born in November 1871, and is a son of the late Archbishop Benson. After leaving Cambridge he was a curate at the Eton Mission, Hackney Wick. In 1903 he was received into the Catholic Church. He is a Private Chamberlain to the Pope. His brothers, Arthur Christopher Benson and Edward Frederic Benson, are the well-known authors.—[Photograph by C. Chichester.]

ONE 'BOK, ONE!



THE SON (*interested in International Rugby football*) : Father, what is a Springbok?  
FATHER (*without a second's hesitation*) : A dark German beer, my son.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



## A Novel in a Nutshell \* THE MARABOUT'S TOMB.

By MARIAN BOWER.

IT was never quite understood why Monsieur Felix Lebaudie came to El-Agrib, still less why he—unlike the majority of his countrymen, who, wherever they may roam, have always one eye on La Belle France—persistently expatriated himself.

But the fact remained. Felix Lebaudie had lived in that Arab town for so long that his short, pointed beard had turned from black to white; that his hair, the little that remained of it, was blanched with time. He had become a sort of institution in the place, the go-between between the native Beys and Kadis and that French Government with whom there were always difficulties great or small, backed, as everything in these regions of Africa must be backed, by the certainty that, were any untoward accident to befall him, retribution swift and sure, sustained, if need be, by arms of precision, would follow from those meddlesome Unbelievers across the narrow strip of water which separates not only Europe from Africa, but civilisation from barbarism.

As for any European who might visit El-Agrib, he would be a person of small account if he did not bring a letter of introduction to this Frenchman, who, whether their business was sport or profit, could advise them as no one else from Mogador to Tunis could do.

So it fell out that Frank Willington, a captain in a certain cavalry regiment, a so-called "idle rich," with a passion for serving his country in the uncomfortable corners of the earth, presented himself to Monsieur Lebaudie, and asked for help and advice relative to a surveying expedition into a certain desolate mountainous region, lying about a week's march south.

Lebaudie looked at the tall, clean-limbed man as he listened, and it just floated into his mind, to float out again, that the face before him suggested someone seen before.

"You would never get to the mountains alone," he answered; "but I can make it all right for you," and there was no boasting in his tone, but merely a businesslike way of stating a fact beyond dispute. "As it happens, I ask nothing better than to accompany you. I have always had a curiosity about those mountains; we will make the expedition together."

Instead of the eager assent the Frenchman looked for, there followed a moment's silence. Lebaudie raised his head. He was amazed, resentful even.

Frank Willington gave him back a look that made the man watching ask himself if somewhere he had not seen other eyes lifted with just that straight persistency, and then Frank thanked him and said, with rather a long breath, that he accepted the offer.

So it was settled. The two men—one well past middle age, but still remarkably vigorous; the other in the noonday of his strength—set out together. They made their way over that waste of shifting, drifting, ochre-coloured sand, they reached those little-known mountains, they made measurements, took heed of watersheds—there were few enough of these—and all the time the native guard looked on with stolid faces while they privately came to the conclusion that the Unbelievers were employing some new form of magic to determine the place of that buried treasure which is never very far from the Arab imagination—or calculation.

Lebaudie and Frank turned northward again, and marched, with no particular incident, until they were hardly twelve hours from El-Agrib, and then the brief African twilight, which is hardly an interval between the fierce sunshine and the velvet blackness of night, overtook them by the tomb of a certain African Marabout.

This tomb was a spacious affair of solid masonry, dome-roofed, white-plastered. Its roof was rimmed by a parapet, loopholed all its extent, and inside the shrine itself, emptied long ago of all remains of the exceeding holy man it was supposed to shelter, was a narrow, winding set of steps on to the roof; and high up in the wall was an air-slit at each of the four cardinal points of the compass; while within its shadow were those two supremely desirable things to the desert wayfarer, a well of pure water and a palm for shade.

That night both Lebaudie and the Englishman slept deeply. The Frenchman awoke first, awoke with a feeling that something was wrong. Instantly the stillness struck him, instantly he connected the silence with his own whirling, racking head.

What it might mean drove him to forget his physical uneasiness. He sprang to his feet, he called for Selim, his native servant, who had served him for years with a doglike faithfulness—Lebaudie had bought him from a peculiarly cruel master. But, as he feared, there was no answer. Lebaudie went out of his own tent to those of his followers. They were all standing, but not a man was in them.

Felix Lebaudie stood still a moment, with the first rays of the dawn flushing the horizon, with the sky coming up so softly blue, almost stunned by what he saw before him. He was deserted.

Then Lebaudie walked across to Willington's tent. There was a nearly emptied cup of coffee by the sleeping man. The Englishman had drunk again after he retired, so he had taken a double quantity of the drug, and was still lying, helpless, a log, sleeping that heavy sleep which anyone with any experience of Orientals knows but too well.

The Frenchman bent, shook Frank by the arm, called to him, tried to pull him on to his feet. It was in vain.

When Felix Lebaudie was quite sure of that, he went to the opening of the tent, he set himself calmly to wait the chances, the possibilities of escape. His face grew hard, grew cruel as he meditated. All the bonhomie fell from his expression. The real man was unveiled: Felix Lebaudie, hard, selfish; Felix Lebaudie actually contemplating whether he should or should not leave the sleeping man to his fate, whether he should or should not set out over the desert, trusting to his endurance, his finely tempered constitution, to reach El-Agrib on foot.

The struggle lasted quite a little time. Lebaudie turned abruptly out of Willington's tent and returned to his own.

He took out his field-glass, went to the well, and stood under the palm-tree. It was fully light now, the sun was already hot; but when he surveyed the south, he saw what might have been a dark cloud, only no clouds gathered in that sky.

He knew what the wedge of blackness meant. He returned to Frank Willington. The Englishman still lay like a log. Lebaudie tried again to awake him, and again he was unsuccessful. He walked away again, and as he came out into the open, the Marabout's tomb was straight before him. Lebaudie looked at it. It might be used for defence. It might stand a siege. Suppose he could get Willington inside, suppose that the Englishman awoke in time, how long could they hold the entrance? And if they did make a fight for it, what good would it do them?

There was just a chance that help might come out from El-Agrib. Felix Lebaudie never made an expedition into the interior without making every possible preparation for his rescue (his ransom, if need arose), if he had the misfortune to be captured. The French Consul had charge of the arrangements. It was known through all the town—and therefore, how far into the interior?—that a handsome reward would be paid to him who brought in news of Monsieur Lebaudie's peril; and what is more, that no troublesome questions would be asked.

As Lebaudie turned over this chance in his mind, the sun grew hotter and hotter. He walked to the door of the tomb, he tried it. To his surprise, though it was iron-barred, it was unfastened. He entered the circular chamber; it was dim; the air gave forth an evil smell, both hot and damp, but it might serve for a refuge.

He had first to get Frank Willington within. He pulled, he dragged, until the Englishman lay, extended to his full length, along the floor of the tomb. Next Felix Lebaudie brought his own revolver, and Frank's.

Once more, as Lebaudie thought of all that was to be done and of the probable fruitlessness of his efforts, the law of self-preservation hammered anew at his brain. Once more, if anyone could find his way to El-Agrib on foot, he could do. He lifted his glasses again. The robbers were nearer. He could distinguish one form from another now. He let his arm fall suddenly. If the advancing guard were an independent robber horde, and not in collusion with his own guard, then, if they found one white man, it was possible they might not look for a second.

Lebaudie gasped as if he had suddenly been plunged into deep water. He hurried nearer to the well, as if he must reach something fresh, something cool; he looked up at the palm above his head, and it seemed to him that all his life he would recollect exactly how its fan-shaped leaves outlined themselves against the blue sky; and then, with a motion of his arm, as if he were pushing something weighty from him, he turned about.

Again Felix Lebaudie had put Satan behind him.

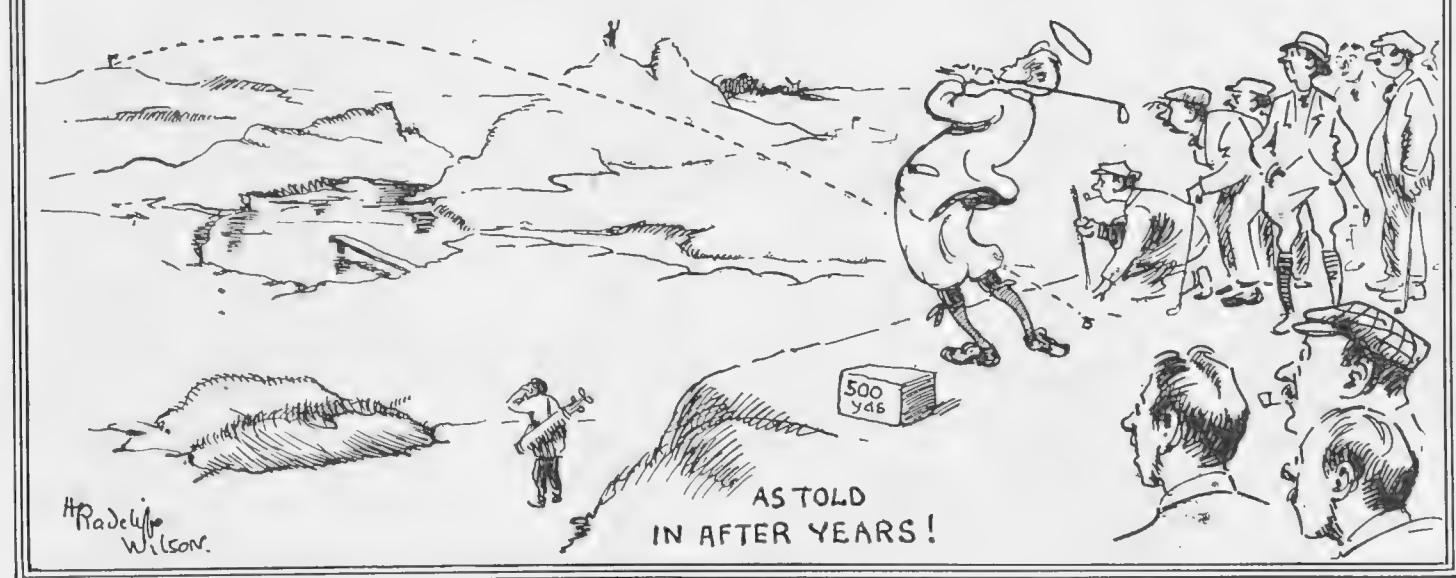
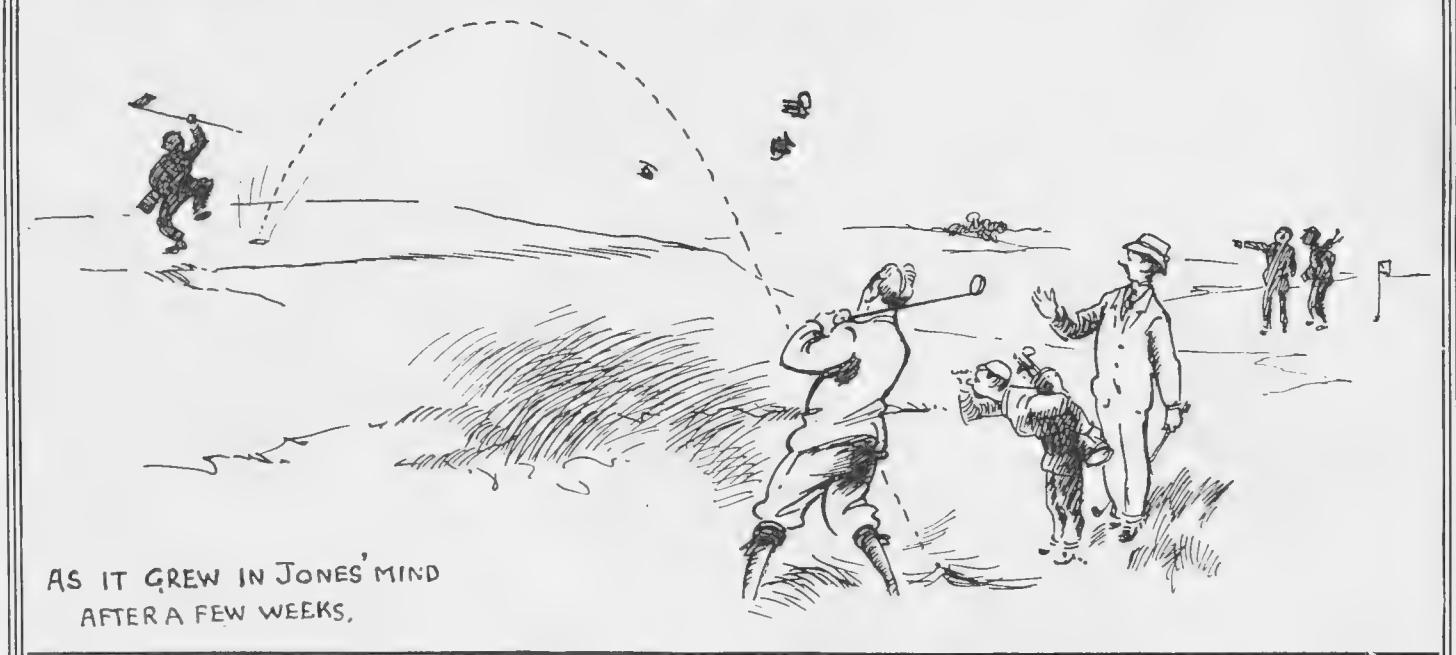
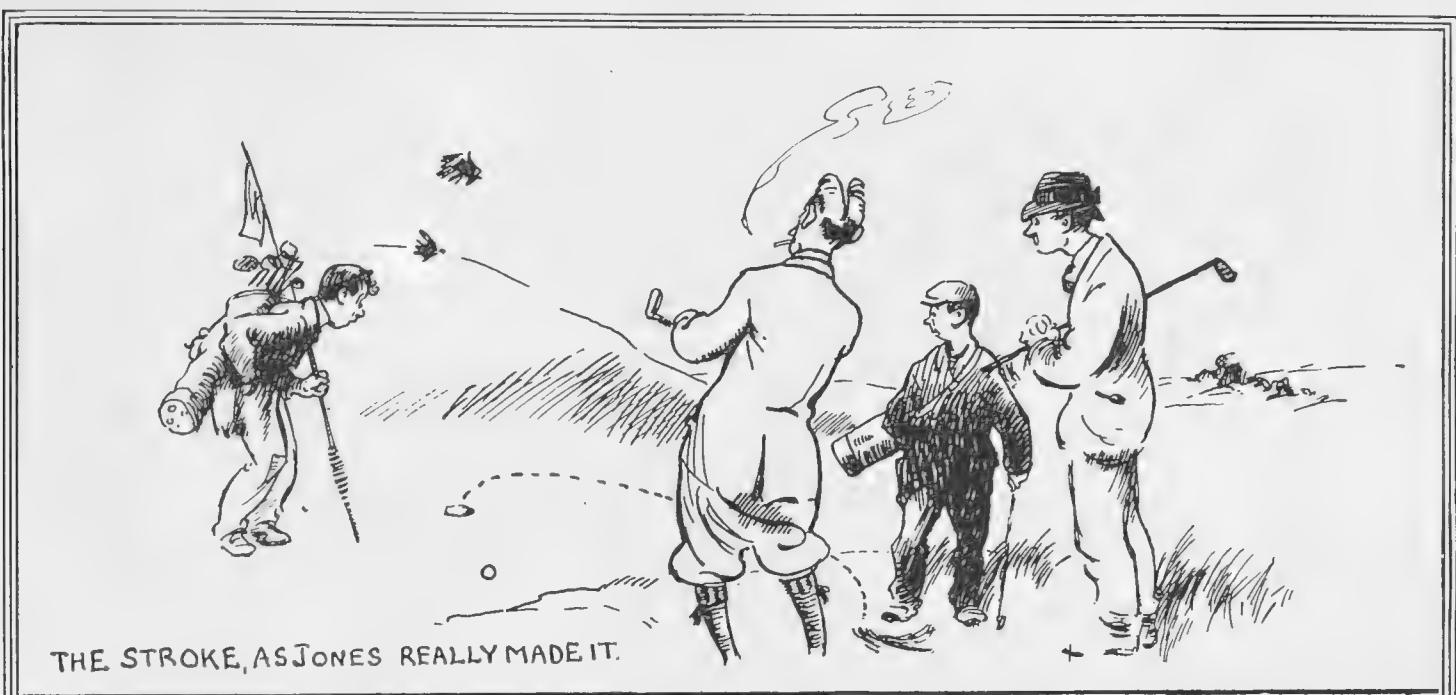
He hurried back within the tomb, he barricaded the door. When he had made the defence as strong as he could, he went up again and stood over the Englishman. Sleep plays strange tricks. Felix Lebaudie was visited again by the notion that he had seen that face before. He stood looking at it while the minutes wore on, while the robber horde was assuredly advancing nearer, while the day, and with it the heat, rose upwards towards noon.

How long he stood there he never knew. At last Frank stirred, turned as a tired child might, and, as Felix Lebaudie watched, suddenly sprang back. He laughed strangely. He put up his shapely hand. He caught his moustache, he lifted his shoulders.

"My sins," he mumbled, "are finding me out at last."

[Continued overleaf.]

## EVERYBODY'S DOING IT — ALWAYS.



THE STORY OF A STROKE; OR, THE GOLFER'S PROGRESS.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.

Frank opened his eyes. He lay a little space, flat on his back. He put up one powerful arm, mopped the heat from his brow. He pulled himself into a sitting position, he looked inquiringly at Lebaudie; he made an effort to stand, got up uncertainly, and was beginning with a question, when, cutting through the air, came a sudden shrill yell.

Lebaudie knew what it meant. The robbers had caught sight of the tents. In but such a little while the horde would swoop down on them, would overturn them, would strip them as a locust strips the green of a leaf from its stalk.

Willington looked sharply at the man before him.

"What does it mean?" he demanded.

The Frenchman answered briefly. "I awoke," he said. "I found we had been drugged, deserted. A robber band is on us. If our guard has fled before them, not joined them, we may have a chance of life, especially if Selim should reach El-Agrib and find means to inform the French Consul. Selim owes everything to me, and I have heard—occasionally—and Felix Lebaudie shrugged his shoulders—"of an Arab being grateful. But if our guard has combined with the attacking horde, then all we can do is to sell our lives as dearly as possible."

"How shall we know?" shot out from Frank.

Lebaudie thought, but only a moment.

"If the horde is fresh from the mountains it will plunder first," he answered. "If our guard is with them they will make sure about us first. They will probably calculate on finding us still asleep. When they do not find us they will look for us."

Frank heard, nodded.

He turned about and went to the door. He went on to examine the round chamber, he saw the winding steps on to the roof. He put his foot on to the first of them. He paused, listening to the din. He bent down to ask a question.

"Would those beggars be making all that noise if our men were among them?" he asked.

"I have thought of that," answered Lebaudie.

Frank made his way cautiously on to the roof. He made very sure that he could see through the loopholes of the parapet without being seen. He waited, peeping down. His breath was coming fast, his blood was swirling in his veins; there was the strong man's fierce excitement before pressing danger, and with one hand on his revolver, he watched those black forms racing one after the other, as the jackals race after carrion. He saw them cluster like immense black flies over every upstanding thing; he saw, to his satisfaction, that among all those cruel, coarse, long-haired faces was not one he recognised; and he was about to say, "So far, so good," when a new danger presented itself.

Both he and Lebaudie, without saying so, had hoped that the reputed sanctity of the Marabout's tomb might keep the robbers from entering it. But they had not sufficiently calculated upon the Arab's insatiable greed. The tribe had found neither gold nor silver among the tents. They turned their attention to the tomb, and Frank Willington, peeping through the loophole, could see that they meant to enter it.

Hastily he ran down those winding steps, and stood within the chamber itself. He went up quickly to Lebaudie.

"They are going to try the door," he whispered curtly.

"Ah!" breathed Lebaudie, and he looked at his revolver.

"When it resists, will they break it in?" Frank asked.

The Frenchman just nodded.

"Then," announced Frank Willington, "my place is behind that door."

The older man whipped round on him.

"Yours!" he retorted.

"Yes," went on Frank steadily, and even as he said that one word, they both heard the first push against the door. "My place is behind that door; yours is—"

"Mine—" gasped Lebaudie.

"Yours," went on Willington, "is to retreat on to the roof, to lie still up there, not to fire a single shot, whatever happens to me. Do you hear?"—with a sudden savage emphasis—"not to fire a single shot, whatever happens to me, until you are obliged to do so in self-defence. The robbers may be satisfied with one white man, or, at the worst, you will have gained that much more time for relief to come out from El-Agrib."

As Frank finished this astounding command, the Frenchman stood for a moment dumb, and without, though the murmur of the savages rose on the air like the clamour of numberless angry insects, for the moment, not one among them tried the door again.

Lebaudie thought first of that delay.

"They are afraid that a spirit is holding the door," he said; "but their greed will soon overcome their fear."

And, even as he said that, there came a crash. Frank heard it; Lebaudie heard it. The two men looked straight, one at the other.

The next moment Frank hurried up to the Frenchman.

"Do as I tell you!" he hissed between clenched teeth. "Go up on to the roof!"

This time Felix Lebaudie turned as fiercely.

"Listen," he said, his words, his gesture vehement; "I debated about leaving you behind; I was very near to leaving you behind. I all but set out over the desert and left you sleeping."

For answer Frank pointed to those winding steps.

Lebaudie looked at him with gleaming eyes.

"Listen," he went on; "the thought of leaving you came to me a second time, and then it was accompanied by the calculation that if the robbers found you they might not look for me."

Frank Willington but answered with an imperious gesture towards the roof.

There followed another pause. The silence was interrupted by another attack on the door. The wood, strengthened from behind, resisted, but it shivered.

"Next time it will be broken in," commented Frank. He swung round. "Go on to the roof!" he shot out again. "Do you hear? I command you to go on to the roof."

"I will not go on to the roof," retorted Felix Lebaudie.

Frank approached quite close to the Frenchman; he looked him full in the face. "Don't you see," he said, "you must do what I tell you; you must save your life if you can, because—"

Lebaudie swung away from the look, from the voice. All the din without and all the nearness of the danger were as nothing to these men. There was the history of a whole lifetime between them.

It was the Frenchman who spoke first.

"I know you," he said. "You have puzzled me from the first moment I saw you. I recognised you while you were asleep. You are Lucy Bodham's son. I was her husband. I am still her husband by law. Now do you see that if one of us is to die, it had better be I?"

The quick voice ceased. The horde without clamoured, and still evidently argued among themselves, and while each of the two men within the Marabout's tomb kept their eyes fixed on that door which alone stood between them and the overwhelming black rush, while both of them steadily grasped their revolvers, Frank Willington answered the Frenchman's weighty question.

"You are right," he said; "I am Lucy Bodham's son. I knew all along that she had married you; but—"

"But?" echoed Lebaudie.

"But," rounded off Frank Willington, "I am your son, also."

The young man turned back towards the door as he said that. He had made the announcement, but, at the same time, he made it with no pretension to filial feeling.

"My son," whispered Felix Lebaudie to himself, "my son!" He looked at the fine figure before him, at the shapely head, at the face, which now, when he had the clue, seemed to him so wondrously like Lucy's.

Suddenly Felix Lebaudie's head sank down towards his chest. It fell lower and lower. There followed an instant when his mind did not work, it whirled. All the incidents of his early manhood crowded back on him: the days of his brief marriage with the pretty English girl; his carelessness of her, his preference for another woman, his amazement when Lucy left him.

He made no effort to bring her back. He had even hugged himself on his freedom, had persuaded himself, as the years went on—one can persuade oneself of anything—that he owed a grudge against Fate for having inveigled him in the meshes of matrimony. And now all these pitiful excuses fell from him, and now he saw himself as he was, and now he realised that it was his own son he had contemplated leaving to his fate, and now he knew that Frank had proposed to save his father not because of his affection for him, but because he despised him.

Lebaudie put out one trembling hand.

"My son!" he quavered.

Frank thought he was being asked for further information. He gave it curtly.

"I was born," he said, "six months after my mother left you. I took her uncle's name. I am rich, thanks to that uncle."

Lebaudie turned away. He had made his life; he must accept the consequences.

There came another crash at the door, a great shouting without. Frank swung his head over his shoulder.

"Be quick!" he ground out to his newly found father. "Get up on to the roof. You have no time to lose."

The Frenchman heard. The blows were raining on the door now. There appeared above the barricade a slit of intense bright light. Frank pointed his revolver up to it. He was waiting until it should grow but a little bigger, until a dark face should appear through it; and then, amid the din, Felix Lebaudie clasped Frank's arm. "My son," he wailed; "my son! Let me die for you."

It was the bitter supplication of a man who sees himself at last as he is. It rang round the room, it seemed to echo above the din. Frank heard it, realised all it meant; but it was never answered, for while he made ready to shoot, while he waited, all his being tense for one more blow against the door, for those black forms to pour over the broken woodwork, the attack suddenly ceased; a new clamour filled the air.

Frank Willington knew what it was; Felix Lebaudie knew what it was. Relief was approaching from El-Agrib.

Selim had remembered what he owed to his master, had sent word, with an Arab's due and proper care to his own preservation, to the French Consul, and was at that moment sitting down, supremely contented with himself, making sure that the rich reward promised by Monsieur Lebaudie for such an extremity would fall into his hands.

THE END.



# ON THE LINKS

3

**AN "EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD": THE COUNTRY CLUB AT BROOKLINE, MASS.**

**The Country Club.** Many doubts have there been in my mind since first I landed on the American shore as to which is the eighth wonder of the golfing world. At the moment it is The Country Club at Brookline, Massachusetts, that has it. Nothing in or around Boston is quite the same as anywhere else in the United States. Massachusetts itself will not be called a "State," but a "Commonwealth," and "The Country Club," which is some seven or eight miles out in the really beautiful suburb of Brookline—the average inhabitant of which is said to be richer than the average inhabitant of any other place on earth—insists on being styled "The" country club, being, as it were, the chief

Mr. Fownes will be talked about by the American golfers for many long years to come. The third hole, which is 420 yards, is one of the nicest things of its kind you would ever wish to see. A good drive must be very exactly placed, and then a good second played through a little valley to a well-guarded green which has a hummock right in front of it. If the tee shot is not properly placed, the second will be a blind one, and most tantalising. But the ninth, tenth, and eleventh holes are really the strongest features of the course, and they stand for one of the best romances of golf-course construction. Three or four years ago they did not exist, their predecessors being embraced in the other parts of the course. But those predecessors had become dangerous for the crossing that they involved, and it was determined to take in a new tract of land, and to make these three new holes upon it.

**Expensive Holes.** It was a tremendous undertaking, for "land" was only a kind of courtesy title for the wild mixture of forest, rock, and swamp into which a man might sink up to his neck, but for which £4800 had to be paid. Another £2600 was spent in making it fit for golf and preparing the holes, so that these three—two long ones and a short one—cost an average of over £2466 a hole. At the ninth as much rock had to be blasted as someone afterwards used to make a wall two hundred yards long and three feet thick. The tenth hole is a most delightful short one, called the "Redan," after the famous piece of golf at North Berwick; but Mr. Windeler had the second at Prestwick largely in his mind when he designed it. Yet it is a far better hole than that second on the Ayrshire links. When it was being made,



ON THE GREEN IN FRONT OF THE CLUB-HOUSE: PUTTING.  
AS IT IS IN THE PRUSSIAN CAPITAL: AT THE BERLIN  
GOLF CLUB.

The fourth golfer from the left is Mr. Putnam Griswold, the well-known opera-singer. Mrs. Griswold is the last figure on the right.

of all of them, because, as it says, it was given its charter in 1882, and is the oldest of all in America, and so the oldest in the world. It is certainly one of the most magnificent, with its splendid house and its vast grounds. Here there are steeplechasing, polo, tennis, and all the other sports and games, and most specially there is golf, and, I think, the best golf I have seen in America so far, though I am told there is at least one rich treat ahead. I had heard much of this place from afar, and yet by very much it exceeded anticipations. Judged by the best British inland standard, the course is a really splendid one, and that old British golfer, Mr. G. Herbert Windeler, so closely identified with it, may well be proud of his work upon it. Mr. Windeler, who is an ex-President of the U.S.G.A., piloted me round, and I had to pay him many and most sincere compliments.

**Need for Accuracy.** This course, like some others in America, is of the Sunningdale type, and exceedingly good at that. It is laid out on fine rolling land with broad undulations and the utmost variety in the character of the holes, while the woods through which several of them were carved border the fairways on either side. There is one hole—the ninth—which measures 520 yards, and is a really splendid thing, with a plateau green perched up in a very pretty corner; and there are six others of over 400 yards each—the total length of the course being 6210 yards. There are three excellent short holes—the seventh, tenth, and sixteenth—the last of which cost Mr. Charles Evans his place in the final of the championship, and perhaps the championship itself, when the event was played here two years ago. The play at that hole on that occasion by Mr. Evans and



YOUNG, BUT EFFICIENT: A GROUP OF THE CADDIES.

the place for the green needed raising from the swamp, and nearly two thousand loads of broken rocks were deposited there; and after soil to a depth of eighteen inches had been laid upon the stone foundation, a splendid putting-green was made. The construction of these three fine holes from such difficult materials stands for one of the finest achievements of its kind in the whole world of golf. To all this it has just to be added that the putting-greens at Brookline are quite perfect. There is no exaggeration in any of the praise I have given to this course. In the dusk I went back to Boston with Mr. Leslie Kenyon, still British for all his twelve years of acting and golfing in the States. He said he had had a splendid day. I said that I had had one also. Then he said I ought to finish it properly by going to see his show, being "The Woman-Haters' Club" at the Termon Theatre, said show being just about to move on to New York, which wants it. Which I did accordingly, and so completed a really happy day.

HENRY LEACH.



THE REOPENING OF THE ALHAMBRA : THE PROLONGATION OF GABY; AND A NEW RAG-TIMER.

**"Kill That Fly."** After a prolonged closure the Alhambra has thrown open its doors and is once again available, with much of the barbaric splendours of its colouring very considerably chastened. Whether the house has been much improved by this is a matter of individual taste, but a great deal

has been done for the comfort of the audience, and the management is to be congratulated on its efforts. The principal feature in the programme is Mr. George Grossmith's new revue, strangely entitled, "Kill that Fly." Into this Mr. Grossmith has put everything and everybody not inserted by him in his Empire revue, "Everybody's Doing It." Mr. Grossmith is very resourceful and commendably fearless. His aim is variety, and into the piece goes whatever occurs to him to be usable material. Some people have expressed themselves as upset by the personalities of which the new revue is full; but we should not be too squeamish in matters of this sort. When a man has arrived at the dignified position of Chancellor of the Exchequer or manager of Romano's, he must not be surprised if he finds himself brought into this sort of miscellaneous entertainment. When all is said and done, these distinguished public personages are very gently lampooned, and no great harm has been done. In his effort to be comprehensive Mr. Grossmith made his work very long, but the pruning-knife has been at work, much of the superfluous has been excised, and the piece now makes a both to look at and to listen to. There is a good deal of fun made on divers topics; but at the same time the revue is a distinctly Parisian institution, and never seems to have become quite acclimatised on this side of the Channel. Many of the topics dealt with are not of any very general interest, and a number of the allusions appear to leave the audience somewhat mystified.

PROGRAMMED TO APPEAR AT THE "CAVE OF THE CALF," HEDDON STREET:

M. LOU TELLEGREN.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

bright and cheerful entertainment, to. There is plenty of lilt about Mr. Melville Gideon's music, and money has been lavishly spent upon the production. It is all very properly irresponsible, and at intervals the audience is suddenly jerked from one part of London to another, after the accepted manner of the revue. There is a good deal of fun made on divers topics; but at the same time the revue is a distinctly Parisian institution, and never seems to have become quite acclimatised on this side of the Channel. Many of the topics dealt with are not of any very general interest, and a number of the allusions appear to leave the audience somewhat mystified.

**"Gaby."** Dark and threatening war-clouds are looming over Europe, but though the nations are eyeing each other suspiciously, we need entertain no fears concerning the durability of the Entente Cordiale. The Palace proudly announces that "owing to phenomenal success, the management have arranged, by paying a large profit to her American managers, to prolong the engagement of Mlle. Gaby Deslys." This epoch-making arrangement will no doubt bring its due reward, and the Palace will still be crowded by audiences attracted by the daring, if ungraceful, Gaby Glide. The lady will continue to divest herself of a considerable portion of her apparel, and will continue to retire into bed in an elaborate dancing-costume, donned for the purpose. Her American confrère will continue to toss his wealth of hair backwards and forwards and to dance upon his hands, and the French baritone will indulge in inappropriate vocalisation while Mademoiselle is

changing her clothes. It is a curious performance, but one which is undeniably to the taste of the public. The fair Gaby is full of life and go, and were it not for the London County Council, might be inclined to proceed to greater lengths. As it is, the performance in its present form is perfectly harmless, and few people—at any rate in these days—will find any cause to be shocked at its vagaries. Mr. Alfred Butt knows perfectly well what his audiences like, and exactly how much they will stand, and he is not taking any risks. The house is packed from floor to roof every evening, and everybody seems to be pleased, which is, after all, the great thing. Gaby Deslys is not a great dancer, neither is she a great singer, but she has a winning way with her, and is so obviously enjoying herself all the time that her enjoyment becomes infectious.

**More Ragtime.** The American invasion shows no signs of abatement, and the Palace has duly come to heel. Not to be outdone by its rivals, it has secured "America's greatest ragtime exponent," who rejoices in the euphonious name of Gene Greene. So now we have the Octette at the Hippodrome, Mr. Melville Gideon's ragtime in the revue at the Alhambra, and America's greatest exponent at the Palace. For my own part, I did not find that Mr. Gene Greene succeeded in reconciling me to this form of noisiness, or that he removed the impression left upon me by the Octette. He sings in an unmusical voice, and at such a tremendous pace that few of the words can be heard. From what I know of American lyrics, I fancy that one does not lose much by not hearing the words, but one does occasionally like to know what a song is all about, and Mr. Greene but seldom imparts the information. The music is like all ragtime music—fussy and blustering—and over all the songs there is a curious family likeness. In fact, it seems to me that when one has heard one ragtime song one has heard the lot. The contortions of the different singers may vary, and the frenzied efforts to make the song go may differ in degree, but one is oppressed by a sense of sameness and monotony about the whole thing.

There may be something lacking in my ear for music, but I do sincerely trust that ragtime may prove to be only a temporary derangement, and that we shall soon settle down again to something more peaceful and melodious. This is an age of noise, and much of the noise is unavoidable, but this organised clamour is more than an ordinarily constituted tympanum can bear.—ROVER.

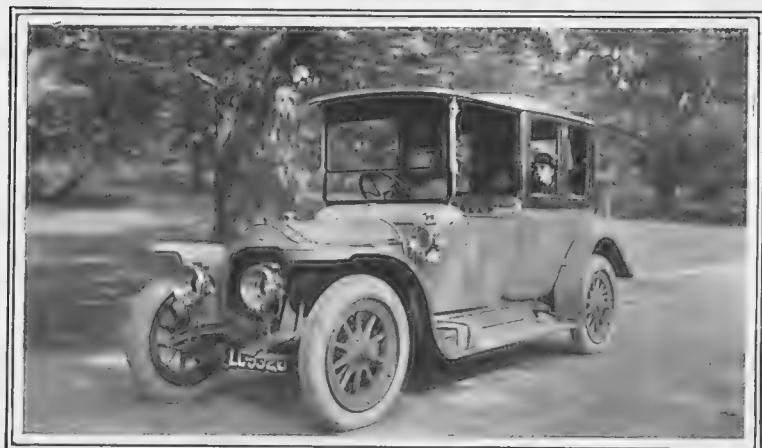


PROGRAMMED TO APPEAR AT THE "CAVE OF THE CALF": M. LOU TELLEGREN.

M. Tellegen, of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, who has been appearing with Mme. Bernhardt at the London Coliseum, is programmed to appear at the Cabaret Theatre Club, otherwise the "Cave of the Calf," on the occasion of the reopening in a few days' time.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



SUNBEAM RECORDS; THE PETROL PROBLEM IN GERMANY; OLD CARS; AND A NEW AMERICAN ROAD.



IN A 26-H.P. EIGHT-CYLINDERED DE DION BOUTON SALOON LIMOUSINE.  
MR. ARTHUR WIMPERIS.

Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Frederick Fenn are responsible for "The Girl in the Taxi," which is running so successfully at the Lyric, having adapted it from the German of Herr Georg Okonkowski.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

The Sunbeam Marvellous. The Sunbeam car continues to astonish the world, and one wonders when Coatalen and his company

"Enough," and rest on their well-earned laurels. Not content with what is already a bouquet of records, Brooklands was on the 9th inst. the scene of a furious onslaught by the famous 15·9-h.p. Sunbeam and D. Resta on the half-mile, kilometre, mile, and ten-laps records. The weather, save for a fullish breeze, was all that could be desired; and then a breeze does not blow all round the Brooklands Track. A grand start was made, and the records seemed to be at once in peril by the fact that the first lap was covered at a speed of 86 miles per hour, and the second at 96 miles per hour—marvellous acceleration. The regularity of the running of the car was remarkable, for after the starting lap, the fastest was 1·44 1·5, and the slowest, 1·46 3·5. The half-mile was covered in 17·67 sec. (101·87 miles per hour)—old record, 97·67; the kilometre in 22·16 sec. (100·94 miles per hour)—old record, 96·67; one mile in 36·20 sec. (99·45 miles per hour)—old record, 94·91; ten laps in 17 min. 42·51 sec. (93·84 miles per hour)—old record, 91·46. Prodigious!

Good for Germany.

Upon picking up their daily paper on Tuesday, 15th inst., many motorists who gird at the present petrol-price pillage must for the moment

have wished that they were subjects of the Kaiser. In this country our industries and our interests can be sapped and assailed by the foreigner without the Government doing a hand's-turn in our defence. Indeed, the boot is on the other leg, for British interests and British industries appear to be about the last things that appeal to a British Government. Hence it must have been with feelings akin to envy that motorists read in the *Daily Telegraph* of the above date that the German Government have announced a Bill, the double object of which is to break the practical monopoly of the Standard Oil Company in Germany, and to bring in additional revenue. The wholesale trade in heavy oil is to be made over to a company to be formed by the principal banks, and carried on under the supervision of the Government. If the Trust refuses to come into line with this scheme, it is proposed to deal in oil outside oil-raisers in the United States, and build tank-steamers for the traffic. And what the German Government threatens to do it generally does.

The Old-Car Grievance Unredressed.

For once a Government Department has deigned to be guided by the advice of its committee appointed for the specific purpose of inquiring into and reporting upon the horse-power rating of motor-cars. The new regulations, which are in accordance with the findings of this committee, were issued in draft on Saturday, the 12th inst. Unfortunately for the owners and would-be vendors of old cars, the committee did not consider that it came within their province to suggest any concessions in the matter of these ancient vehicles, which, though fitted with engines of large dimensions, give off perhaps half the power of modern engines half their size. The Treasury has not even in this matter travelled outside the recommendation of the committee, and the poor owner of a car six or seven years old, with, say, an engine of 5½ in. bore, still finds himself legally liable for the payment of the tax on a 48-h.p. car (R.A.C. rating), which, in its very best days, and in its maker's most delirious moments, was only called a 30-h.p., and certainly never gave more than 70 per cent. of that power on the brake. So the owners of these old cars are still left in evil state.

From Sea to Sea. Our Yankee cousins have no regard for anything unless it bulks big. Across the pond to-day there is a budding agitation for the present construction of a Coast-to-Coast Highway. That means—as what else could it mean, in the Yankee mind?—a motor-road from New York to San Francisco—from the east to the west of the great continent of North America. Apparently an Ocean-to-Ocean Highway Association has been formed, for in an interesting little pamphlet shown to me the other day I note that two most enterprising gentlemen of Indianapolis, Indiana, form the temporary committee. The money for this stupendous undertaking is to be raised by subscription from motor-car and accessory manufacturers and dealers, each subscription to equal one per cent. of one year's gross earnings of the subscriber, to be divided into three or five annual payments, as decided by a national committee.

"If," says the world want the good roads that mean so much to the industry, we've got to do the thing ourselves—and they've started to do it! Wonderful people!

[Continued on a later page.]



FIRST ADMIRAL OF THE AIR FLEET: REAR-ADMIRAL REGINALD TUPPER.  
Our correspondent writes: "The air fleet which has been placed at Rosyth consists of three bi-planes of the latest type. Rear-Admiral Tupper has assumed command of it."—[Photograph by Stephen Cribb.]

pamphlet, "we of the automobile that mean so much to the industry, we've got to do the thing ourselves—and they've started to do it! Wonderful people!"



PHOTOGRAPHED PASSING COMPTON WYNATES, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON: AN UP-TO-DATE WOLSELEY LIMOUSINE.



THE surprising victory of Warlingsham in the Cesarewitch, in which he started at the long odds of 33 to 1, so gaining a very handsome sum for his confident owner, is by no means without precedent. Warlingsham was a hot favourite compared with the price at which some winners of classic victories have started.

**A St. Leger Winner  
Born Blind and  
Condemned to Death.**

and presented him to a lady. precedent. Throstle, who dazed sporting humanity by winning the St. Leger in 1894, when everybody was waiting to acclaim Lord Rosebery's Derby victor, Ladas — she, too, was given away. That is to say, she was offered. She was born blind, and so remained for three months, and Lord Alington, to whom she belonged, told a friend that if he would send for the filly he could have her. The offer was overlooked, and Throstle remained in her own stable, where orders were given that she should be shot. That order also miscarried, and she lived to win at 50 to 1. As so many years have elapsed since the event, it will scarcely be a breach of confidence to let in light upon that extraordinary race, for it shows how in Turf matters, even with touting reduced to a fine science, a secret can be kept. Two or three days before the race, an intimate friend said to the present writer: "I have just been down to see Mornington Cannon ride a trial for the St. Leger on a horse called Throstle. Now it is a dead secret, of course, but though Throstle is a rank outsider in the betting, I believe she is going to win. Cannon, at the end of the spin, said to me, 'If I don't win—and I believe I shall—I shall certainly be in the first three. Throstle is the best mare I ever put my leg across.'" As the present writer happens to exclude punting from his excitements, the information possessed little interest for him—until after the race. But there were three men in England at least that Leger day who knew that Matchbox was not the horse that Ladas had to fear—but there certainly were not three others. The man who witnessed the trial and imparted the information will see this note and recall the occasion as probably the only one in his life on which he ever made a bet.

But other horses have and the Oaks. away to win

Rosedrop great prizes. Sir William Bass had two fillies in the Oaks of 1910. One, Maid of Corinth, cost him £50,000 to breed. He had paid £25,000 for Sceptre, her dam, and £31,500 for Cyllene, her sire. His other nomination had cost him 700 guineas. This was Rosedrop, who was the daughter of Rosaline. Now Rosaline was a gift horse. Mr. J. B. Joel celebrated his 1903 Oaks victory by presenting three horses to the Fresh Air Fund. They were

Warlingsham was given away by his original owner, Mr. Walter Raphael, who, finding the colt unsound, thought he might patch up into a comfortable hack. But even this is not without

sold at Tattersall's, and the proceeds devoted to the excellent institution named. One of the trio was Rosaline, and she was knocked down to Mr. W. Allinson, the Cobham breeder, for twenty-three guineas. Mated with St. Frusquin, she became the dam of Rosedrop, heroine of the Oaks of 1910.

**Big Derby  
Surprises.**

Surprises occur in every one of the classic events. Look at some of the Derby prices, some of which those of us who are still on the

right side of forty can remember. Four years ago Chevalier Ginestrelli's Signorinetta beat a field of eighteen, in which she was

quoted at 100 to 1, the same price at which Otto Madden, ten years earlier, had ridden Mr. Larnach's Jeddah to victory over a field of the same size. Six years before that Allsopp had carried Lord Bradford's colours to victory on Sir Hugo, whose price when the flag fell was 40 to 1. Sir Bevys was a 20 to 1 chance in 1879, as was Lord Falmouth's Kingcraft in 1870, while Mr. Merry's Doncaster, in 1873, could find no better support than 45 to 1 implies. Hermit carried the snowy Derby for Mr. Chaplin at 1000 to 15, but that was forty-seven years ago.

**The Parson's  
Apology.**

The St. Leger has provided innumerable sensations. Theodore at £1000

to a walking-stalk, supposed to be dead lame, gave Mr. Petre the first of his four victories in this race, and Hawthornden, nine years later, was quoted at 1000 to 3. More business was done on Dutch Oven at 40 to 1, for if he was an outsider, he had Archer up. Mornington Cannon, as we have seen, scored with Throstle at 50 to 1, but his younger brother, Kempton, did almost as well on Doricles, whose price, when the signal was given, was 40 to 1, for as much money as punters would lay. John Osborne once rode a very strange race in the St. Leger.

His mount was Apology, an absolutely unfancied horse. There was more in the name than met the eye. Her owner, a Lincolnshire parson, had inherited a fortune with a condition. He was to race, or yield up the money. He did race, shamefacedly, and named his Leger nomination Apology—and she won hands down.

**Tied to the Major  
Saddle.**

Pennant's Rubio was almost a gift horse. Sold as a yearling for fifteen guineas, it passed into the hands of a Towcester hotel proprietor, who drove it and hired it regularly in a trap. Passing on, it was tried for hunting,

proved alert over timber, was put into training, and staggered humanity by winning the Grand National of 1908 at 66 to 1. Half that price was laid in the swagger Three-Year-Old Handicap in Vienna against the well-known Kynast. His owner believed in the horse, and backed him for a fortune. The jockey, a tiny slip of a boy, had to be tied to the saddle to prevent his being thrown off, but he got there.



THE 33-TO-1 WIN IN THE CESAREWITCH: WARLINGHAM CROSSING THE HEATH AFTER THE RACE.

There was a surprise in the Cesarewitch this year, run at Newmarket on Oct. 16, for the winner, Warlingsham, had started at 33 to 1. These long odds were due to his recent failure at Windsor.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



AFTER WINNING THE CESAREWITCH: WARLINGHAM AT NEWMARKET.

Warlingsham, who was ridden by G. Clout, won easily by three lengths. Captain F. Forester's Tootles was second, and Mr. W. R. Wyndham's Winthorpe third.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



# WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## Is Beauty at a Discount?

Perhaps the most radiant and faultless of all our stage beauties—and this is saying a good deal—has recently been telling an interviewer that good looks, in Woman, are at a discount. On the stage, she declared, "beauty is not in the least necessary, and, unaccompanied by talent, it becomes a handicap." This is a curious state of affairs, for one might reasonably have thought that Venus Victrix was one of the few deities that would have survived, in one form or another, through the procession of the ages. Yet if one must have beauty without talent, it is better to encounter it in real life than to meet it on the stage. It is always agreeable to look at an extremely lovely person seated at a dinner-table or posed in a drawing-room, though she has not a single illuminating—or even sensible—phrase at her disposal; but in the more exigent world of the theatre we feel defrauded if beauty merely smiles and does not appeal to our sense of the art of the playhouse. Intelligence, indeed, is more needed now in every department of life than any other quality. There are no longer professional beauties, their place having been taken by women who dress well, women who talk well, and women who know how to pull ropes. These are the real queens of Society in the beginning of our new and strenuous era, for even conservative man is beginning to shed his prejudices about the womenfolk, and demands a certain amount of all-round intelligence. Pretty, silly creatures—who would have been the centre of an admiring circle of black coats in past decades—now find themselves performing, so to speak, to empty benches, the black coats having treacherously deserted for more entertaining and stimulating company.



WOMAN IN "BRACES"—AND A BELT AS WELL: BLACK LACE OVER WHITE SATIN.

The above design shows a black-lace tunic over a white-satin underdress. The belt and "braces" are in mauve, with jewelled trimmings.

used to say that he would rather face the desert tribes than endure an average London dinner-party. This, to be sure, was an exaggerated attitude to take up in the matter of social amenities, yet there are many of our contemporaries who hold similar pessimistic views on "dining out," and who are not to be lured from their own mahogany-trees or their pet club on any pretext whatever. They usually make the excuse that they have "given up general society." There is, of course, a terrible uncertainty about the average dinner-party. You may be placed next to the one man in London with whom you are not on speaking terms. On the other side, you may have some charming woman's boring husband, whom you are expected to entertain "between the soup and the pear." The one delightful masculine guest, with whom you are possibly on the friendliest terms, is, of course, at the other end of a long table, or else opposite, but effectually concealed from the firing line of conversation behind a barricade of pots and plants. Indeed, this English fashion of hiding your guests behind fences of verdure is one of the reasons why we are, as diners-out, something of a failure. To sit and whisper platitudes *à deux* for two hours does not encourage the pleasing art of general conversation; hence the fatigue and boredom which too often hover, uninvited guests, at the average English dinner-party. All these things have contributed to the extraordinary vogue, in London, of the small

dining-club, where everybody talks. For in these pleasant little coteries you are certain to be among people you like, from whom you are not separated by horticultural jungles. So it is that the dining-clubs of London at the present hour seem as countless as the stars, and show just as few signs of diminishing.

## The Foreigner and the Fog.

The fogs which we have been enduring of late in London have an enormous reputation abroad; and are even considered—with the London policeman—as being one of the attractions of our capital. These atmospheric phenomena arouse so much curiosity in dryer lands that, like the Aurora Borealis of the far North, or the blue waters of Mediterranean countries, they induce travellers to wander far afield to see them. So we may expect this winter quite an influx of strangers at the hotels of Piccadilly. French visitors—particularly French artists—are always mightily disappointed if they come to our capital and fail to see one pea-soup day. I have known them expect a black fog in May or June, which is unreasonable. But to many Anglo-maniacs everything English is perfect, especially the smudged outlines and vaporous distances created by the Thames Valley and innumerable domestic hearths.

## The Tyranny of Books.

Ever since well-meaning persons have occupied themselves in drawing up lists of the best

"hun-

dred books," an awful distaste for reading anything but newspapers seems to have seized the community. As a matter of fact, readers are born, not made, and you can no more make a dull soul attempt to climb Parnassus than you can induce a timid person to go up in an aeroplane. Besides, good books should be kept for the elect, and not forced upon the vulgar and the profane. They should be a spiritual adventure, a mental intoxication, a means, in a prosaic world, of sometimes touching the stars. To make people want to read again, we must suppress all masterpieces, instead of selling them for ninepence. We must go back to the times before printing, and hand a literary treasure about in manuscript, before the great writer can come into his own again. I must own to a fastidious distaste for seeing a volume of Shelley in a shoddy binding and printed on vile paper; such things offend one's aesthetic sense in some mysterious way. Again, good books must not be used in a tyrannical manner, for, as we begin to see, such methods end in inculcating a stubborn dislike of all literary works, especially the "hundred best books." For Lord Rosebery—himself perhaps the most discriminating lover of literature alive—has roundly declared that if anyone actually read all the books in any of these vaunted lists right through, he would never wish to read anything again.



SHOWING THE NEW TUNIC TRIMMED WITH FUR: A PICTURESQUE FROCK IN RUSSET BROWN.

Created by Ernest, 185, Regent Street.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 30.

## THE OUTLOOK.

WHEN we wrote these notes last Saturday the Stock Exchange was in a condition which can only be described as bordering on panic, and it is satisfactory to be able to record that, since Monday, there has been a decided improvement in Market conditions. The wild selling from the Continent has come to an end, and the Paris settlement, about which considerable misgivings were felt, has passed off without serious trouble. The signing of peace between Italy and Turkey helped matters, and the declaration of war by the Porte had been fully discounted, so its effect was practically nil. It must be realised, however, that the time of the greatest danger to the peace of Europe will come when this war is practically over and the terms of peace between Turkey and the Allies have to be settled. If for this reason alone, markets are bound to be in a highly nervous and sensitive condition for some time to come. Anyone, therefore, who buys stocks at present which he cannot take up and pay for is running a tremendous risk.

There have been very few features of special interest during the week; the Bank Rate was raised to 5 per cent. on Thursday, but it had been expected for some time, and had been certain since Monday, so it had little or no effect.

We have more than once of late expressed the opinion that things were very wrong in Mexico, and the latest news is distinctly disquieting. It looks as though securities in this part of the world will be better left alone for some time to come.

## THE OIL MARKET.

It is some time since we referred to this section of the Stock Exchange, but there have been signs of late that more interest is being taken in these shares. The Market is so full of wild-cat companies, and the necessity for discrimination in purchasing shares is so great that it may perhaps be as well to write a few words of warning. To begin with, we must say that there are very few companies which we can really recommend as anything except gambles—and risky gambles at that. By far the largest number of oil companies which have been floated in London since the boom of 1891 are ridiculously over-capitalised. Why it should be so we do not know, but the fact remains.

We have never recommended shares of the Maikop Companies, and the field has been a great disappointment. Even the boring at deep levels has, so far, produced very little that is satisfactory. The cable from the Black Sea Company, stating that a well had spouted at 1320 feet on a plot about three miles from the producing area, is distinctly promising, but we shall require more than this to make us enthusiastic.

Shells we still think are the best purchase in the Market, and Royal Dutch, which have a good market on the Continent, are excellent. Burmah Oil is another good Company, and should be doing better before long.

It is difficult to generalise as to the effect which the war in the Balkans will have upon the fortunes of oil companies, but it is likely to be considerable. Freights from the Black Sea will rule high as long as the trouble lasts, and companies operating in that part of the world must also face the possibility of being unable to ship at all; so it is not certain that they will be able to take advantage of the advance in prices which has already taken place. On the other hand, those companies in America and elsewhere which are not directly affected will be able to reap the full benefit.

## THE CORDOBA RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

The details of the scheme of amalgamation of the Cordoba Central Railway Company, the Buenos Ayres extension, and the Cordoba and Rosario Railway Company made their appearance last week, and were rather a disappointment for those who had expected the Argentine Railway Company to guarantee the various dividends. As it is, all that is guaranteed is a certain minimum increase in traffics.

The scheme is too complicated to go into here, and while it will undoubtedly simplify the financial position, it is a most difficult matter to make out exactly the advantages and disadvantages of the exchange for the various issues involved.

The other day the *Daily Mail* suggested that holders of Buenos Ayres extension 5 per cent. Debentures were being hardly treated, but we think they would be very foolish not to agree to the exchange. They are offered the par value of their holding in 4 per cent. Debentures, and 20 per cent. in Second Preference income stock. It is true that their interest will be reduced for the present, but, on the other hand, their security is much improved, and they will get 4 per cent. for 1913, which they would not do otherwise. The Cordoba Company's guarantee has expired, and the net earnings of the extension for the year ending June last were only about half the sum required for the Debenture interest; while the estimated earnings for next year, as shown in the circular, would not suffice to pay 4 per cent. On the whole, we think that if anyone is hardly

treated it is the stockholders of the Cordoba and Rosario Company, as their property is in by far the most prosperous condition.

Speaking generally, the chief attraction of the scheme seems to be in the consolidation of the various properties and the consequent strengthening of the financial position. While admitting that the terms do not come up to our expectations, we are inclined to consider that the pessimism has been overdone.

## DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES.

Although the Report of this Company is not quite up to the anticipations of the most optimistic, shareholders have every reason to be fully satisfied with the results shown. Everything has been in their favour during the past year, and gross receipts are over half-a-million better at £5,465,000. A final bonus of 2s. 6d. per share has been declared, making 25s. in all for the year, against 20s. twelve months ago, and an interim dividend of 7s. 6d. is declared for the current period.

The price of the Deferred shares has lately suffered by the heavy realisations from Paris owing to the panic there; but the demand for diamonds of every description continues to be good, and the outlook—apart, of course, from international complications—is excellent. We understand that Messrs. Barnato Brothers have been large buyers of the shares lately, and we consider a purchase at present likely to show good results.

## A CHEAP DEBENTURE.

The 4 per cent. Debentures of Spratt's Patent are well worth the attention of investors, although the market in them is somewhat poor. They can be bought at several points under par, and are redeemable at par on July 1, 1914. There are only £83,000 outstanding, and the Company has a reserve fund of about £100,000, and a share capital of £275,000, on which 11 per cent. is being paid, so the security is excellent and the yield, allowing for profit on redemption, high, which is a most desirable combination.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Supposing that all the markets in the House, except two, are flat, and that you are a bear of the two stocks which happen to be strong, what would you do?" asked The Jobber.

"That's a nutty one," said The Broker.

"Theoretically, you ought to sell more," was the advice of The City Editor.

"Close the bear and give the other chaps a chance," The Engineer suggested.

"Go and play poker or some other game of bluff," added The Merchant.

"Give up punting altogether, for the nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth time," The Banker smiled.

"I think the last idea is the best," replied The Jobber. "But what are you going to do with the stock, meanwhile?"

"Always cut a mistake," said The Broker.

"It wasn't a mistake; not *my* mistake, anyway. By all that's logical—what are you all laughing at? It's no joke, I assure you, for the hapless victim."

"It's a joke to mention the Stock Exchange and logic in the same breath," declared The Engineer. "You are the most—"

"Not a bit of it. We're logical enough; it's our clients who make the markets so inconsistent."

"Well," said The Merchant handsomely, "I do think the jobbers have done good work during the crisis, in holding prices with what little steadiness they showed."

"They were bears," objected The Merchant, "so they could afford to buy when everyone else was a seller."

"Which, don't you forget, saved the London Stock Exchange from the panicky scenes in Berlin and Paris. The bears are entitled to some credit, surely."

"They made money, so why claim credit for them, too?"

"Because, my fatuous beloved, can't you see for your giddy self that the more you make as a bear, the more, and a great deal more, you lose by the depreciation shown on your book?"

"Why run a book at all?"

"Because you're compelled to, unless you aspire to be just a negotiator, a turn-snatcher, a parasite upon the body politic."

("Ministerial cheers," quoth The Broker.)

"Can't see it," admitted The Engineer.

"Of course you can't, and you can't expect to, not having been brought up in the Stock Exchange. I don't understand dynamics, or turbines, or alternating currents, so I don't dogmatise about them. But any fool—layman thinks he understands all about stocks and shares, and wants to teach us our business on the strength of his once having bought fifty Chartered."

"And sold 'em at a loss," added The Merchant. "That's a necessary corollary."

"Putting your corollary on one side, what's the news about dividends?" asked The City Editor.

"They tell me the January dividend on Amalgamated Copper will be 7 per cent.," The Broker answered. "I don't think that's likely, but the Yankee tip is to buy Amals., and Steels."

"There's a rumour that the Steel dividend will be put up to 5 per cent."

[Continued on page 96.]



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Apathy in Fashions.

know that things are very bad with us. Women bewail the monotony of the modes, and have little to say about the becomingness of street dress; but they are going on wearing the same style of thing year in, year out, with more or less exaggeration of certain characteristics as the only variation. Writers of fashion-articles are driven to trivial details for novelties: we read in a morning paper about dress at Newmarket and the latest fashions, but there is nothing newer to be learned than eighteen or twenty months back. Of course, no one who is acquainted with the ropes expects fashion at all at Newmarket, least of all the latest. Where, however, we do look for novelty is at the fashion - shows of great houses. I have attended several, and I have nothing really new to say about any. Still long lines, still absence of fullness, still violet is the favourite colour, although the tints are brighter than they have been. Still collarless coats, still much embroidery, still



OFF TO THE WAR: TURKISH WOMEN SAYING GOOD-BYE TO AN OFFICER IN CONSTANTINOPLE

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*

many buttons, still a tendency to narrow in skirts at the ankles. Many and most beautiful models I have seen, but in day dresses "As you were" seems to be Dame Fashion's order.

**Fanciful Fashions.** When our vogue is not apathetic, it is anarchic; any kind of dress of almost any period—posterior to Eden—is allowable in smart society to-day for ball, dinner, or theatre gowns. Picturesqueness is the aim; the result is often charming individually, and is always so collectively. I have seen dresses in the last few days, simple and classical, as for a vestal virgin; elaborate and rich in detail, as for a modern millionairess; quaint and old-world, as for a woman of fashion in the Regency; severe and stiff, but rich, as for a mediæval beauty; high-waisted and attenuated, as for a belle of the Second Empire; careless-like and fluffy, as for a sitter for Romney or Gainsborough. There is plenty of choice, and I should say that our evening assemblages will be very much more interesting from a dress point of view than those out of doors. The latter will, of course, be relieved from dead level by fine furs and handsome hats. So far as headgear is concerned, it is a case of becomingness first, fashion and fabric nowhere. Is there in our fashions a reflection of the ways of the world at this juncture?

### Dexterous Dressing.

It takes some cleverness to get level with our climate. So well has it been behaving recently that I hardly like to draw attention to the tricks it does play: the days when one finds oneself in brilliant sunshine dressed shabbily, and feeling, in consequence, dull and depressed—for clothes do matter to spirits very materially; the days we have gone out in our lightest and brightest attire, and the floods have descended, and again depression has made us its own,

because again we feel so hopelessly out of the right line. When there is the smallest doubt, wear Dexter. The coats of this name are as smart and neat as the most fastidious could desire; there is no rain that ever fell that could penetrate their triple proofing. The reason lies with Dexter weaving of cloths, beginning with the raw fibre, then the spun yarn, and then the actual fibre; thus is assurance rendered trebly sure. The appearance of these coats is their strongest point; they are of the smartest cloths and tweeds of the day. Rubber bears no part in this highly successful process, so there is an absence of that greasiness of aspect by which the ordinary waterproof coat is so unfavourably known. The tailoring of these coats is a guarantee that they will hold their own in any assemblage—for it the best. There is a wide choice of them for man or woman, and for all occasions. Any agent can exemplify this, and should any difficulty be encountered, a card to the makers, Wallace Scott and Co., Ltd., Glasgow, will secure a choice of fabric patterns and a brochure of styles. To dress dexterously, you must wear Dexter.

### Seeing the Beau Monde.

All the world and his wife can be seen from the charmingly situated Alexandra Hotel at Hyde Park Corner. It is, I think, one of the most desirable places to stay at in London. It is beautifully furnished; there are in it hundreds of pieces of furniture that a connoisseur would covet for his own residence. It is a famous place for wedding receptions, being close to fashionable churches, and it is of special interest that the preliminaries of the wedding of King Edward and Queen Alexandra were arranged there. Several charming self-contained suites have recently been added to this hotel, because so many people make a London home of it, and extensive new decorations in Adam style have been carried out. Everything can be conveniently reached from it, while much passes by in the roadway and in the Park. It has every advantage of position, to which is added every comfort and luxury of living.

### A Decade of Gold Medals.

A firm who can win a gold medal ten years in succession is one to be encouraged. For the finest collection of British dairy produce at the London Dairy Show, Messrs. Aplin and Barrett, etc., have again won the Gold Medal, having done so since 1902. This should endear still more to you your St. Ivel cheese.



PAPER FASHIONS FOR THE 31ST: A JACK-O'-LANTHORN HAT AND FAN FOR HALLOWE'EN.

The hat and fan, which are made of crêpe paper, are designed for Hallowe'en festivities. The feast of All Hallows, or All Saints, is on Nov. 1, and the night before (Hallowe'en) is an occasion for merry-making, as described in Burns's poem.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT JAMES FOWNES SOMERVILLE, R.N.: MISS MARY KERR MAIN.

Miss Main is the only daughter of Colonel Thomas Ryder Main, C.B., late of the Royal Engineers, of Curdridge Croft, Botley, Hants. Lieutenant Somerville, of H.M.S. "Vernon," is a son of Mr. Arthur Fownes Somerville, of Dinder House, Wells, Somerset.

*Photograph by Swaine.*

ingness first, fashion and fabric nowhere. Is there in our fashions a reflection of the ways of the world at this juncture?



LONDON LADY GOLFERS: THE WINNER OF THE LADIES' CORONATION MEDAL AT FULWELL; AND OTHERS.

From left to right the figures are: Mrs. Arnold Gabriel, winner of the Coronation medal and bowl; Mrs. Sutton, winner of the high handicap; Miss Fargas, winner of the low handicap; and Mrs. Hay. The events took place recently on the Fulwell course, at Hampton Hill.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

*Continued from page 94.]*

"That's silly," said The Engineer promptly. "There's nothing to justify such a thing yet. In time, perhaps—"

"I hear the Brazil Railways will lead off with a maiden dividend of 4 per cent. for this year," remarked The Broker.

"Another House yarn is that the dividend on Leopoldina Ordinary stock will be £4 next May, instead of £2, as it was this year."

"Those Argentine Railways are doing so well that I quite believe the Stock Exchange is right in thinking the Central Argentine will move on to a 7 per cent. basis, instead of the present 6 per cent."

"It's equally probable that the 'Bags' and Western dividend will be advanced to 7½ per cent. In fact, I think," added The Engineer, "that these are sure to come pretty soon."

"What price the next Mexican Railway dividend?" inquired The Jobber, with laughter for the only response.

"I'd like to see the Canadian Pacific dividend put up to 12 per cent.," observed The Merchant.

"You will, if you wait long enough, my son," The Solicitor assured him. "And my friends in Metal Exchange Buildings assure me that the next Rio Tinto dividend will not be less than 52s. 6d. per share."

"That's looking a good way ahead, seeing that the price is still cum the November dividend."

"True; but I merely echo the words, which are those of a good authority."

"It is a pity that Consols cannot increase their interest," and The Banker smiled again.

"D'you know," and The Broker spoke with alert seriousness, "there's half a chance of Consols going much better."

"Nobody's laughing," The City Editor assured him.

"No; but Asquith's going to address some meeting or other of Liberals—"

"We will all be there, I don't think," murmured The Jobber.

"Early next month, and I'm told he is likely to make an announcement about an understanding between this country and Germany."

"Anything in it, d'you think, Brokie? It might make a difference if there were."

"It looks—well, all I can tell you is that my informant is in close touch with political circles, and I've taken the liberty of treating myself to a few Consols on the strength of it."

"One always loses money as a bull of Consols," complained The Solicitor.

"Can't be a bull of stock and a bear at the same time, can you?" laughed The Merchant.

"I am at this moment," said The Jobber. "I'm a bull of the toothache and I've got to bear it," alighting gracefully before his stunned friends recovered from the shock.

Saturday, Oct. 19, 1912.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

**TRACKER.**—Dominion Steel Corporation Prefs. seem a fair Canadian Industrial.

**RASP.**—Great Western Ordinary and Coats Ordinary are good; the remainder of your list, fair Industrials, except J. S. H. and Sons, which we do not like.

**E. McM. (Ilfracombe).**—The shares are a general tip; but we mistrust the people behind them, and someone is paying for puffs, which means that they want to get out. A risky gamble.

**MARA.**—Unless you need the money you certainly should not sell Consols at present. Your income is safe, and, sooner or later, there is sure to be a reaction.

**T. B. R. (Glasgow).**—We have sent you the address.

**FIFE.**—Mashonaland Consolidated and Rhodesian Mining and Finance are both unsatisfactory concerns, and we doubt whether the amalgamation will improve them. If your holding is big enough you might insist on your rights under Section 192 of the Companies' Act, but you would have to consult a solicitor.

**J. L.**—Pepelah Valley paid 3 per cent. for 1910-11, and is a fair gamble. Servian Bonds you had better leave alone.

**J. H.**—The yield you ask for is rather high, but the following should suit: (1) The 6 per cent. Bonds of the Argentine National Mortgage Bank; (2) City of Pernambuco Bonds; (3) Chilian Northern Railway Debentures.

**L. K. T. (Donegal).**—(1) Union Bank of Australia shares are sound, if you do not mind the liability. (2) Salt Union Prefs. give a high yield, but are speculative. (3) We will inquire and let you know. (4) See answer to "J. H."

#### A NEW ISSUE.

The prospectus of the Aboyne-Clyde Rubber Estates of Ceylon is now before the public, and subscriptions are invited for 1150 6 per cent. Debentures of £100 each at par, and 200,000 7½ per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference shares of £1 each. The Company has been formed to acquire the freehold properties of the Clyde Tea Estates Company, Ltd., registered in Ceylon, which consist of about 1552 acres, of which nearly 1250 acres are planted. Full details and estimates of production will be found in the prospectus.

A Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies which states, inter alia:—  
The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will CLOSE on or before THURSDAY, the 24th day of October, 1912.

## ABOYNE-CLYDE RUBBER ESTATES OF CEYLON, LTD.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908)

#### CAPITAL.

200,000 Seven and one-half per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of £1 each	£200,000
250,000 Ordinary Shares of 2s. each	25,000
<b>Total Share Capital</b>	<b>£225,000</b>
	<b>£115,000</b>

#### Six per Cent. Mortgage Debentures

**ISSUE of 1,150 Six per Cent. Debentures of £100 each at par and 200,000 Seven and one-half per cent.**

#### Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of £1 each at par.

THE ISSUE PRICE IS TO BE PAID AS FOLLOWS:—

On Application	£15	Preference Shares.	5s.
On Allotment	£35		5s.
Within 30 days after Allotment	£50		10s.

#### CUMULATIVE PARTICIPATING PREFERENCE SHARES.

The Preference Shares confer the right to a fixed cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum on the capital for the time being paid up or credited as paid up thereon, and rank both as regards capital and such dividend in priority to the Ordinary Shares.

Such Preference Shares also confer the right to a further dividend at the rate of ½ per cent. per annum on the capital for the time being paid up or credited as paid up thereon in respect of every complete 5 per cent. dividend paid on the Ordinary Shares in excess of 25 per cent. in any year.

The fixed dividend is to be paid half-yearly, the first payment being calculated on the instalments from their due dates of payment.

The rights of the Preference Shares can only be altered by Special Resolution with the approval in writing of the holders of two-thirds of such Preference Shares.

Upon a show of hands each member is entitled to one vote, and upon a poll each Preference Share is entitled to one vote, and every two Ordinary Shares are entitled to one vote.

#### DEBENTURES.

The Debentures will carry interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and will be secured by a conveyance to Trustees of the Freehold property below mentioned and by a floating charge in their favour on the general undertaking and assets of the Company. The interest will be paid half-yearly, the first payment being calculated on the instalments as from their due date of payment.

The Debentures will be redeemable at £105 at any time on six months' notice to the Holder, and will be redeemed at the same price in the event of a voluntary winding up for reconstruction or amalgamation. Any Debentures not previously redeemed will be paid off at the same price on Dec. 1, 1936, or when the security becomes enforceable.

The Trust Deed will provide as follows: (a) Whenever the net profits of the Company in respect of its immediately preceding financial year shall have been not less than £12,000, the Company shall within six months of the close of such financial year redeem Debentures to the nominal amount of £6000 by purchase in the open market at a price not exceeding £105 for each Debenture of £100 or by drawings at the price of £105: Provided that the Company shall be under no obligation to redeem any of the Debentures in respect of the period ending June 30, 1913. (b) Further, whenever the said net profits shall have exceeded £26,250, the Company shall within the said period of six months redeem additional Debentures to a nominal amount equal to 25 per cent. of the excess of the said net profits over the said sum of £26,250, and that by purchase or by drawings as above provided.

**DIRECTORS.**  
ARTHUR PHILIP DU CROS, J.P., M.P., Vice-Chairman and Managing Director of The Dunlop Rubber Company, Limited, 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.  
WILLIAM DU CROS and GEORGE DU CROS, Joint Managing Directors of W. and G. Du Cros, Limited, Acton Vale, London.

ROBERT DAVIDSON, Merchant, of Montacute House, Montacute, Somerset, and of Colombo, Ceylon.

**TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE-HOLDERS.**  
THE STRAITS MORTGAGE AND TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED, 12, Hill Street, Edinburgh.

**SOLICITORS FOR THE TRUSTEES.**  
BAILLIE AND GIFFORD, W.S., 12, Hill Street, Edinburgh.

**BANKERS.**  
PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., and Branches.

NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA, LIMITED, 26, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., and Colombo, Ceylon.

**SOLICITORS.**  
For the Vendors—SHIRLEY W. WOOLMER, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.  
For the Company—JOHN B. and F. PURCHASE, of 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.

**AUDITORS.**  
STOKES BROS. AND PIM, Chartered Accountants, 36, College Green, Dublin.

**BROKERS.**  
C. E. STEVENSON, 9 and 10, Tokenhouse Yard, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.  
MACGREGOR, BANKS AND CO., 26, St. Andrew Square and Stock Exchange, Edinburgh.

**MANAGING AGENTS.**  
LEWIS BROWN AND CO., Colombo.

**SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.**  
A. CUNNINGHAM, 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.

Full Prospectuses, upon the terms of which applications will alone be received, and Forms of Application can be obtained at the offices of the Company and from the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors of the Company.

# “WHO IS WHO”

IN

# BEAUTY CULTURE

**I**N THE MITRE TAVERN Doctor Johnson and little Oliver Goldsmith sat at a table. A man came in. Johnson leaned over and said to Goldsmith: “Goldie, I hate that man.” And Goldie answered: “Who is he?” The great Johnson rolled and swayed in his seat, spluttered and winked, and then said: “Goldie, I do not know who that man is, but if I knew I would love him.”

Up to comparatively recent years a similar attitude has been characteristic of many English-women when one talked to them of Cult of Face Beauty. They simply did not *know* its wonderful achievements, its astonishing possibilities, the stupendous growth that is to its credit. But their attitude changed. They began to know, to discriminate, to admire, to follow.

The change is due to the proofs furnished by Mme. Rubinstein that the profession is a more serious affair than people have been brought up to suppose: that the modern Beauty Cult is doing much more than merely satisfy the exceptional individual. It has become a necessity.

Consequently, sensible women everywhere are awakened up to the fact that to call oneself the Complexion or Beauty Specialist is not enough to make one such. They ask for antecedents. They insist on dealing with responsible individuals: they demand actual, not fictitious reputations. They have learned the lesson that talking glibly of anatomy or physiology does not make one an anatomist or a physiologist; talking about pictures does not make one a painter; and doing nothing more than selling cosmetics and articles of perfumery may suggest a perfumery shop, but is as many miles away from face specialism as a sale of tooth powder is from dentistry. They have stripped the peacock feathers from the charlatan. In all this Mme. Rubinstein has shown the way and she has found her recompense.

\* \* \*

BUT it is really not at all as difficult to winnow the chaff from the grain, to learn “Who is Who” in the world of the Beauty Cult; as some might think. An almost infallible plan or guide is this: Decide on the definite thing you wish to have done to your face and go to any of the people who are, or say they are, specialists, giving them a limited time to do it in. Let it be the removal of wrinkles or of drooping mouth-corners, for choice—although it might just as well be anything else. But let us stick to that: removal of wrinkles and of drooping mouth-corners. It is a safe guess that in the majority of cases you will get neither a “yes” nor a “no” for an answer, this being always the safest route to take when a frank expression might hurt business. But, for all that, you must

not allow yourself to be waives aside. Make them face the proposition; meet the problem, fairly and squarely: *The removal of wrinkles or drooping mouth-corners and the time within which the treatment must be absolutely accomplished.* Let there be no mincing of words; no ifs, no buts.

Well, if you have the inclination to follow this little plan, your experience will be most amusing until in your peregrinations you will have reached Mme. Rubinstein’s famous establishment at 24, Grafton Street. You will ask the same question that you have asked elsewhere. Yet how different, how direct, businesslike, matter-of-fact will be the answer. No shuffling, no guessing, no arguing, no equivocation. You will be answered: We will remove this frown wrinkle (or as the case might be otherwise) in one week’s time, and during that period you will come to see us twice all told, for half an hour each time. Immediately after each treatment you will be able to follow the daily routine of your social or professional duties. AND IT WILL BE DONE AS STATED, AND THE RESULT WILL BE GUARANTEED TO LAST FROM FIFTEEN TO TWENTY YEARS.

\* \* \*

AT the present time it is only at Mme. Rubinstein’s Maisons de Beauté Valaze, at 24, Grafton Street, London, W., and 255, Rue Saint Honoré, Paris, that this is accomplished. It is only there that drooping mouth-corners can be taken up, that bogginess of the eyelids and under the eyes can be remedied; that looseness of the skin about the cheeks and neck can be corrected; that “crow’s feet” are scientifically treated, coarse open pores are

removed, and a drab, mottled skin is made clear, pink, and fine; redness of nose and cheeks, “broken veins,” and weather-beaten appearance are done away with—and that, amongst many other things, by skilful, modern intervention, even the shape of the mouth or eyes can be given an improved line or made permanently more beautiful.

You know now “Who is Who” in the World of Beauty Culture!

\* \* \*

**M**ME. JANE FABER, the dazzling beauty of the Comédie Française, has recently, in an editorial article on Women’s Beauty, published recently by the great Parisian daily, *Gil Blas*, called Mme. Rubinstein “Une Magicienne.” Mme. Rubinstein lays no claim to nor approves of such a sensational appellation. But she does lay claim to being the most indefatigable and progressive worker in the science of *producing, restoring, and preserving good looks*. And as such her fame has been well earned.



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2 Fine Old English Gent's Wardrobes, fitted Drawers and Trays	£ 5 15 0	d.	The Massive Solid Fumigated Oak Side-board, fitted Handsome Glass Back	£ 5 15 0
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IMP. ANTIQUE Very finely Inlaid Old Dutch Marquetry Gent's Wardrobe, 6 ft. wide	12 15 0	d.	Large Extending Solid Oak Dining Table, with Extra Leaf and Square Tapered Legs	2 5 0
4 Large Size Solid Oak Chests of Drawers	2 5 0	d.	2 Handsome Easy Chairs and 6 smaller ditto, solid, exceptionally well finished, English Oak Frames, Upholstered Real Morocco Leather, complete	5 5 0
3 Inlaid Sheraton Design Bow-front Chests	4 10 0	d.	Capital Oak Revolving Bookcase	1 17 9
4 Single Oak Bedsteads complete	0 17 6	d.	Roll Top Desk, 4 ft. wide, Drawers down each side, Solid Oak, Fitted with Automatic Locks	3 15 0
4 Solid Dark Walnut Bedroom Suites	5 17 6	d.	Capital Revolving Office Chair	0 17 6
4 Double Walnut Bedsteads to match, complete	1 19 6	d.	The Very Fine Antique Design Pierced Brass Fender, on cast Claw Feet	1 7 6
3 Pretty French Design White Enamelled Bedstead Suites	8 15 0	d.	The Very Fine Henklewhite Design Mahogany Sideboard	10 10 0
3 Single White Enamelled Bedsteads to match	1 7 6	d.	Overmantel Fitment, with bevelled mirror designed to match Sideboard	2 15 0
3 Large White Enamelled Bedroom Suites	9 15 0	d.	Dinner Wagon, fitted with cupboards en suite	5 10 0
3 Double White Enamelled Bedsteads to match, complete	1 12 6	d.	2 Very Fine Carving Chairs, with Seats Upholstered in Embossed Real Leather, and 6 Smaller Chairs to match	12 12 0
1 Very Elegant White Enamelled ditto, with 6 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe	18 18 0	d.	Dining Table, extending, with extra leaf, Solid Legged, matching	3 15 0
3 Handsome Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suites	7 15 0	d.	The Very Fine Bookcase, fitted large Cupboard at bottom to match	6 6 0
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Elegant Silver Ash Bedstead to match complete	19 19 0	d.	Very Fine Armour Bright Fender Suite with Implements all complete	2 10 0
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Heavy Black and Copper Club Fender, Upholstered Morocco Top	3 3 0	d.	Costly Chesterfield Suite, comprising	£ s. d.
Jacobsen Design Carved Oak Cupboard, 4 ft. wide	8 15 0	d.	magnificent Chesterfield Settee, 2 Large Easy Chairs and 4 Occasional ditto. Covered rich French Brocade	
Jacobsen Design Carved Oak Settle, 3 ft. 6 in. wide	3 3 0	d.	Silk	25 0 0
Magnificent Carved Welsh Dresser, 5 ft. wide	9 9 0	d.	Upright Grand Piano, Over-string, A magnificent instrument, nearly new	
Elegant Grandfather Clock, chiming on long tubes	18 18 0	d.	Listed at 110 Guineas	37 0 0
Quantity of Framed and Glazed Old Coloured Sporting and other Prints.			6 ft. 6 in. wide Ambonya Cabinet, Inlaid with Ivory and Richly Mounted	18 18 0
Fine Collection of old Dutch Miniature Inlay Furniture, in perfect preservation, including Cabinets, Writing Bureaux, Centre and Side Tables, Small and Arm Chairs, &c., &c. Would suit Connoisseur.			Fine Ambonya Wood Centre Table to match	2 17 6
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Also Bed and Table Linen, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, Silver and Sheffield Plate, &c., &c.			6 Louis XIV. Gilt Cane Seat Occasional Chairs	0 18 6

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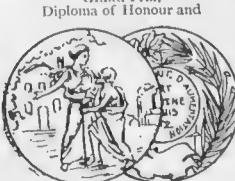
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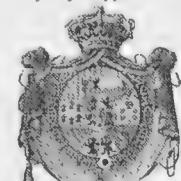
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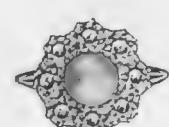
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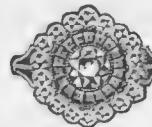
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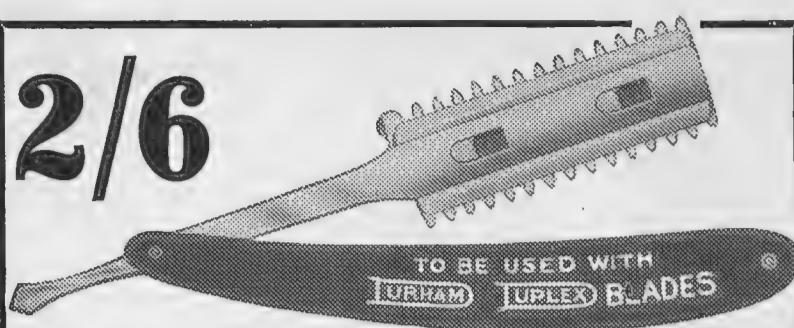
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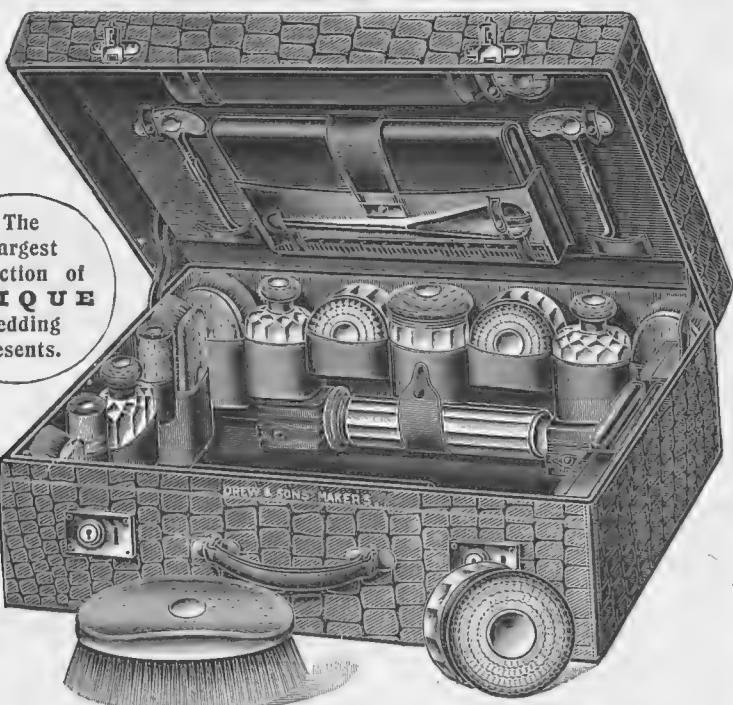
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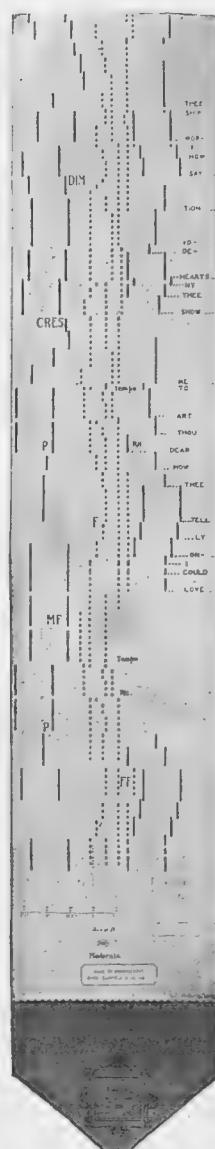
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when more than ever social conditions appear to be injurious to the perfect development of women; when, for many reasons, they are unable to nurse their children or are badly formed from youth, the Neuzonic Method, I am sure, has power to render a great service in replacing what Nature has denied them." Dozens of other physicians make similar statements.

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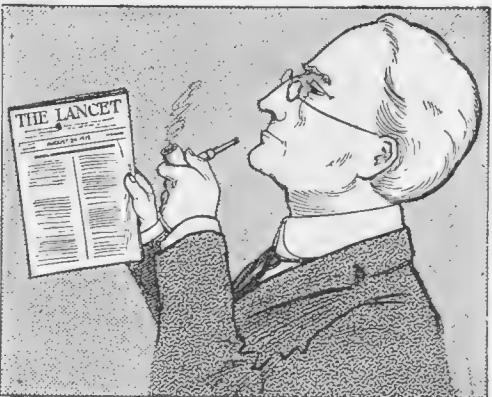


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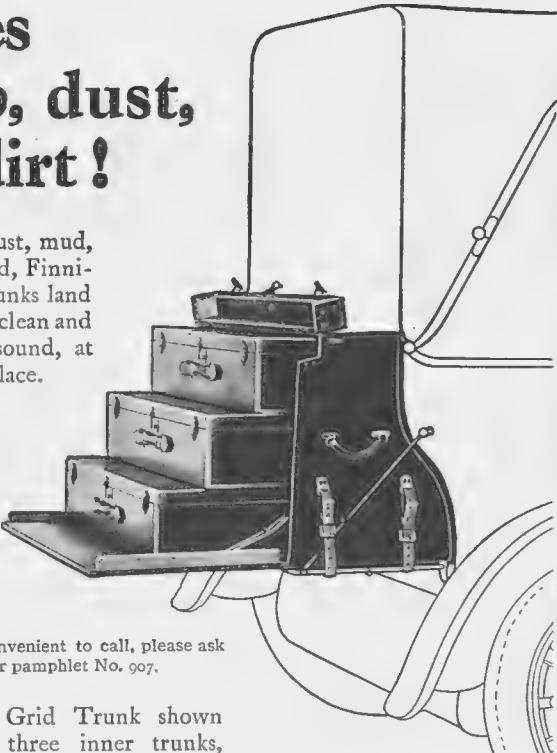
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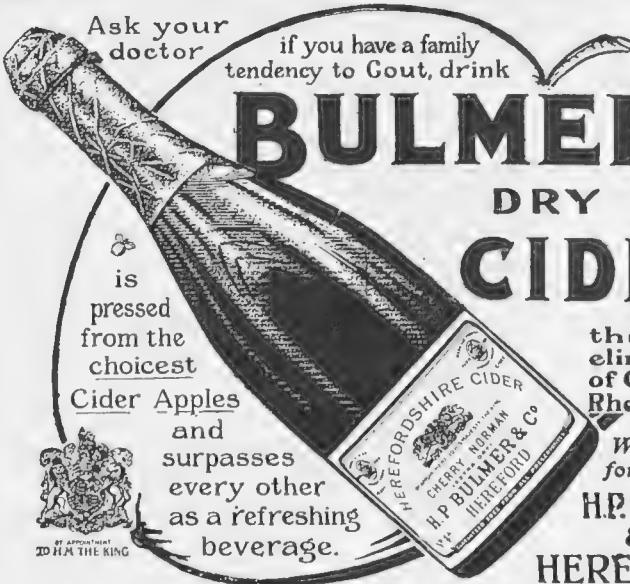
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## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The Man-Bird  
Again.

Notwithstanding what must be regarded as the failure of the man-motored aeroplane to materialise in a really practical and popular sense, our friends across the Channel do not appear to have lost hope in this direction. In any case, another competition is announced to take place at the Vélodrome du Parc des Princes in the course of next month, and the competition is to be held under the patronage of the Aero Club, and with the countenance of *L'Auto*. Messrs. Peugeot and Co. appear to have offered a prize of £400. Already entries are being received, the list closing on the 31st inst. Among the dozen already inscribed, there is one entry from London, but the entrant bears a French name. All the apparatus involved will be exhibited at the fourth Exhibition of Aerial Locomotion, in the Grand Palais de l'Industrie.

**The Birch the Only Cure.** From time to time bitter complaints are made in the automobile Press with respect to the growing practice of missile-throwing at passing motorists by the demon boy, and equally at times by the demon girl. It is bad enough when the projectile, taking the form of a stone, dents the body-panel and stars the glistening paintwork of a new car; but when the aim of these devilish urchins is more deadly, and the stone hits one or other of the occupants of the car, then the matter has become too serious to neglect. However inconvenient it may be, the culprit should be caught and charged, for nothing but hailing before a magistrate has any terrors for these naughty youngsters. To depend upon the paternal or maternal promise to administer castigation is a broken reed, for frequently the forebears are as motorphobist as the child, and when the motorist's back is turned, the culprit goes free. But it would appear that in some places the authorities are beginning to take a properly grave view of this offence, for at the Gloucester Children's Court the other day, three boys of from ten to twelve years of age were ordered to be birched for throwing pears at a lady in a car and hitting her.

**More Sunbeam Triumphs.** In another place I have chronicled certain wonderful distance records lately achieved by the 15·9-h.p. Sunbeam car. Since these were put upon the Record Book this gallant car has been once again, and successfully, upon the warpath. Driven again by that prince of *conducteurs*, Mr. D. Resta, the Sunbeam on Tuesday of last week put the one-hour and the 100-miles record to her credit. The

previous best was held by Mr. C. M. Smith and a 60-h.p. six-cylinder Thames, when that car—nominally four times the power of the Sunbeam—approximated to 89½ miles per hour. The Sunbeam actually covered 92 miles 797 yards in sixty minutes, and the complete 100 in 1 hr. 51·16 sec. (92·52 miles per hour). This means that the Sunbeam had only to cram another 7½ miles into the hour to have accomplished the bewildering speed of 100 miles in sixty minutes. I quite believe it would have done so were the surface of the Brooklands track absolutely perfect.

A Blow at the  
K-nuts.

No one will take objection to any genuine prosecutions for noisy or smoky exhausts. Both are absolutely preventible, and therefore their legal prohibition is perfectly reasonable. Indeed, it is not only for the comfort of the public, but even more for the comfort of motorists themselves. Although the new regulations prohibiting cut-outs have been issued for some time, it was not until Tuesday of last week that a motorist was summoned under them for offence. The summons was issued against the motorist for "using a device which allowed the exhaust gases from the engine to escape into the atmosphere without first passing through a silencer, an expansion-chamber, or other contrivance suitable and sufficient for reducing, as far as reasonably practicable, the noise otherwise caused by the escape of gas." The defence was "a detached joint." Fine 10s. and 2s. costs.

Choking Home  
Industries.

I should imagine that Messrs. Michelin and Co. must presently be persuaded that their efforts and attempts to promote and further the British aviation industry should no longer be made. The lack of anything like the semblance of a competition for the British Empire Michelin Cup No. 2 must be very discouraging. One wonders why there is such a lack of emulation in this matter, as the prize is quite a generous one, to say nothing of the honour and glory. It would appear that, as usual in this ill-managed country, official obstinacy or short-sightedness stands in the way of the native industry. I am informed that, in view of the attitude of the Government, it does not pay our home manufacturers to use native engines. They are forced, whether they will or no, to fit motors of foreign manufacture, although it is known that at least one English engine is superior. The proof of this is the wonderful safety and certainty with which Mr. S. F. Cody always flies. Mr. Cody, having won the Michelin cross-country event with a flight of 186 miles, will probably score for Michelin Cup No. 1, awarded for duration, which competition closes at the end of this month.

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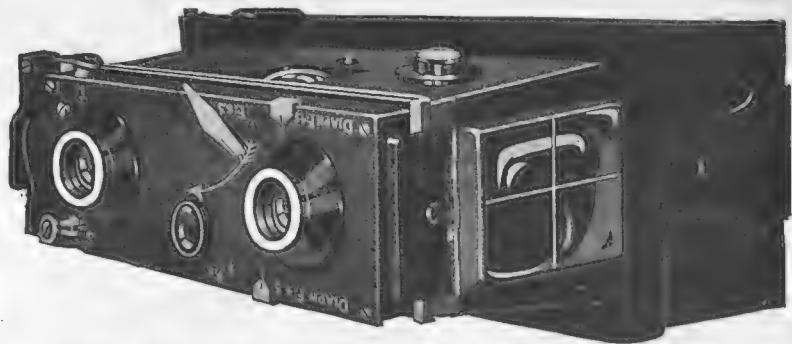
The highest skill and craftsmanship, dealing throughout with scrupulously chosen material, is the secret of the Brinsmead Tone—and it is to be found in every piano sent out from the factory. No matter what the price, whether upright or grand, "John Brinsmead & Sons, Ltd., London," on any piano is a guarantee of a reliable, durable Tone unsurpassed in quality—together with those excellences which have placed the "Brinsmead" foremost in the rank of British pianos.

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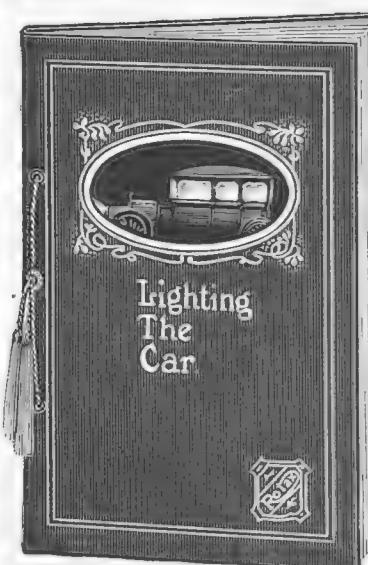
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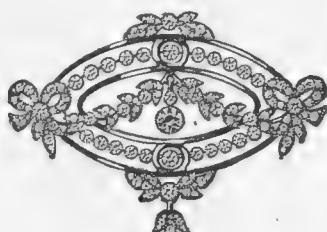
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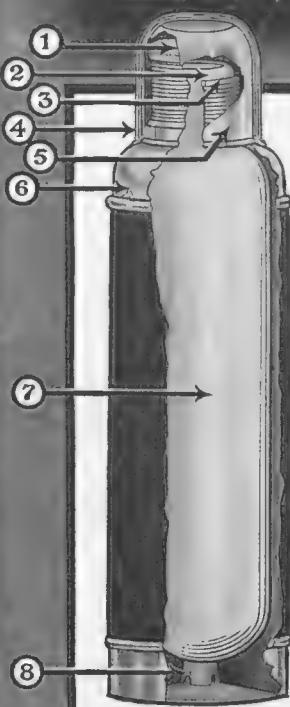
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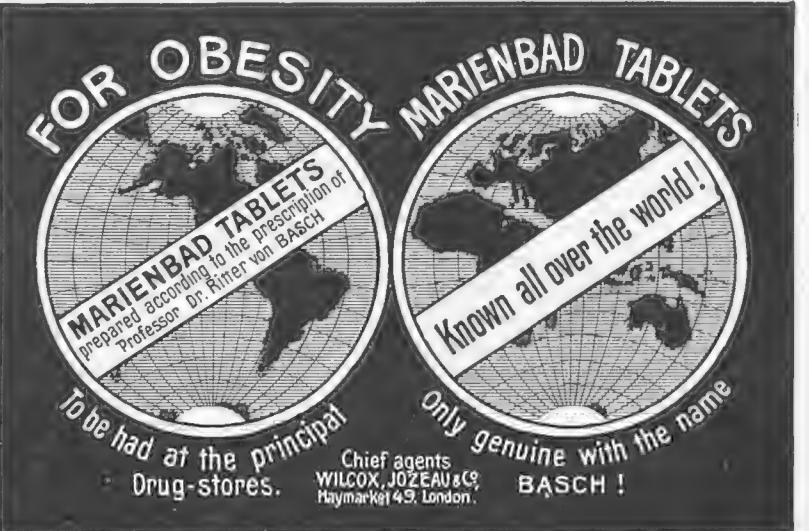
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£1000 INSURANCE. See page 1.

## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with "Kill that—Plate!" "Doormats," at Wyndham's Theatre; Miss Alexandra Carlisle; When he Wished he Were a Mock Turtle; Mrs. John Astor; Sport at Oxford; Magdalen Men; Warriors of a Lost World; United Dramatists; United Kings; Miss Marie Tempest.

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## COATS are quite practical,

and impart extreme comfort while walking or travelling, but do not lack anything in style.

The Workmanship is characteristic of Harrod's quality.

**SP "ROXANE."**  
Stylish and comfortable Wrap, equally suitable for walking or travelling, lined to waist with silk serge. In Irish duffle, a soft and fleecy material ... Price 79/6  
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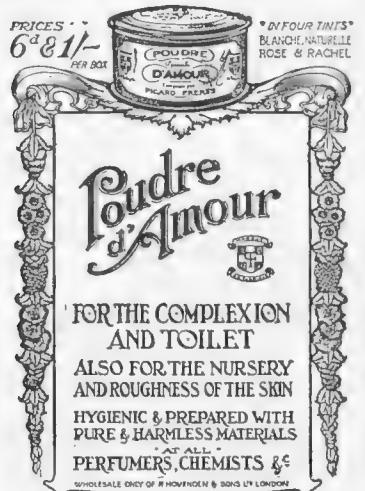
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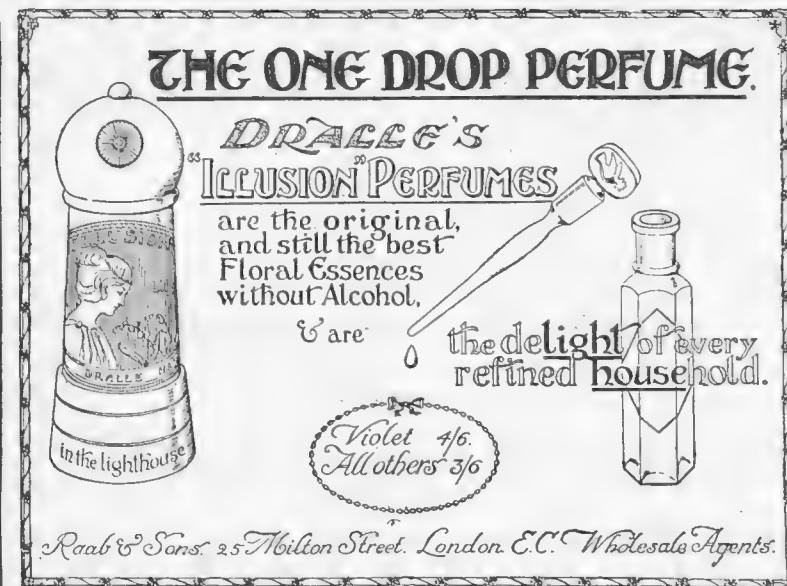
**NOTE.**—Every genuine "Ivernit" garment bears a silk label with the registered trade mark "Ivernit" embroidered thereon.

IRISH INDUSTRIES, 91, WIMPOLE STREET, W., will send, post free, the illustrated "Ivernit" booklet, together with the name of the nearest draper who stocks them.



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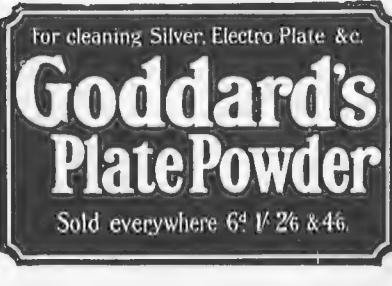
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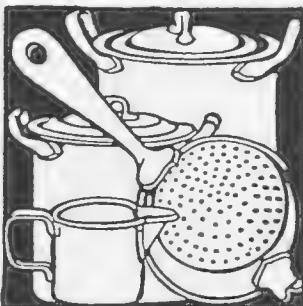
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Of all dentifrices PEBECO most safely and most surely beautifies the teeth—hence beautifies one's smile. It removes discolouration, restores that admirable pearly whiteness, neutralizes mouth-acidity, hardens the gums, deodorises the breath, and induces a most delightful condition of mouth health. How true this is, the 10-day FREE test will help to show.

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ANTISEPTIC • THIN • SOFT • STRONG & SILKY

## THE PROFITS OF PAIN: A VILLAGE EPISODE.

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

"I'm just ready," said the girl. There was an odd little catch in her voice; and she was looking round the stuffy little room with an affectionate regard.

Mother and daughter made their way out of the cottage together, the girl pausing to kiss the small company of brothers and sisters that had gathered in the porch to gaze in speechless admiration at the cab. Never before in their brief history had one of the family been seen inside one. It lumbered down the lane and passed out of sight on its way to meet the early morning train to London, by which Mary was to travel on her way to a seaside convalescent home.

Mrs. Wise came back afoot in little more than an hour.

"What did th' doctor say?" asked a neighbour, Mrs. West, who had given birth to eleven and burial to five.

"He sez one o' my poor girl's lungs 'ave quite gone," was the reply, "an' the other one's sadly. But they've got her a ticket to a wonderful place where they cure lungs all the year."

"I'm afraid there's no cure for Mary," commented Mrs. West. "I see the marks of the grave upon 'er. I've lost too many o' mine not to know it."

Mrs. Wise winced, but faced her neighbour bravely. "The doctor says they'll right 'er if she isn't too far gone, an' they're keepin' 'er place for 'er where she was." With these words she went indoors rather quickly. Breakfast things had to be cleared and washed, beds to be made, dinner to be prepared—a simple matter enough as far as she and the children were concerned, but another affair altogether for her husband. For him there was a piece of meat to be cooked by the time he came from the wheelwright's; she and the children must be out of the way by then, for he liked to eat alone. He would drink in company, he laid down the law on every subject of local discussion at the "Goat and Compasses" night after night, but inasmuch as there was no meat for any member of the household save himself, the hungry looks of the children were an offence.

He sat down to table without a word, and ate heartily.

"She caught th' train?" he said at last.

"Yes," his wife replied. "The doctor came early, an' th' nurse met 'er, but she'll never come back alive, doctor sez—"

He interrupted her.

"Did she leave th' papers?" he said, staring hard at his wife's pale face.

The thin lips before him quivered: the eyes dropped. Mrs. Wise plucked nervously at her apron.

"She told me—"

"I didn't ask that," replied the man; "it don't concern me what she told ye. Where's them papers?"

"She made me promise—"

He stood up suddenly and advanced with the threatening attitude that had never failed to be effective. He had always refrained from striking wife or child; the mere gesture had sufficed. It sufficed now.

"All right, Jim—I'll fetch it," she said. She was white to the lips and her hands were shaking.

In a few minutes she had returned from the room upstairs with a long envelope. James Wise shook out its contents—a premium receipt book and a life assurance policy.

"Is that all?" he asked sternly.

"Every bit, Jim," she replied submissively.

"Now," he said, "there's one thing f'r you to keep, an' that's a shut mouth. I've ad th' trouble o' th' girl f'r years, an' if she's got to go, th' money's mine o' rights. Don't speak to me again about it, or there'll be more trouble than you've ever seen yet." So saying he left the room and strode down the garden path, pausing by the gate to fill and light his pipe. The children had gone to school again, and when Mrs. Wise had cleared away, washed up, and in her own parlance, "put things straight a bit," she was free to relieve her overwrought feelings in primitive fashion. She knew that Mary was doomed, and it was the last desire of her heart to bring her back to Maychester for burial and to buy the other children black clothes.

James Wise came back at five o'clock for his tea, which he took in silence, his wife being fully occupied in the endeavour to make hot toast as quickly as he could eat it, this uneven contest between time and appetite being of daily occurrence. Tea over, he washed himself with care, brushed his clothes, and left the house without a word. He climbed the steep hill to the "Goat and Compasses," where two or three of his boon companions were already gathered. One was a big, florid man with a red nose, straggling grey hair, and gouty hands.

"Ha' ye done ut?" he said, as Wise sat down by his side and his beer was brought to him. The younger man nodded.

"Any row?" asked the other.

"I don't allow th' wummin to talk," came the answer; "did, they'd never stop."

"That's very right," said the red-nosed man as he took up the pewter and shook it thoughtfully. "I ad two gels insured time they went into service, an' I took their money both times. They ad no use f'r ut, pore things, and their mother'd ha' wasted it. The wimmin must 'ave a bit o' black if they can get it. That's nonsense to my thinkin'. Black 'on't bring th' dead to life."



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## FOR THE HAIR Mrs. Parker's QUIN-JULEP



As used by Queen Louise of Prussia, Queen Adelaide of England, Count D'Orsay, Alfred Tennyson, etc., etc. 100 years of continuous good repute.

A highly concentrated herb stimulant, obtained by an unique process of distillation.

Promotes the health, and correct functional action, of the scalp. Stops any undue fall.

Strengthens the growth and texture.

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Quin-Julep (3s. 11d.) is sold by Army & Navy (London, Dublin, Bombay, and Calcutta), Jutland, Army & Navy, and Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Whiteley, John Barker & Co., Boots' Depots and by most large Chemists. Mrs. Parker's Verveine Pomade (2s. 10d.) is also sold, for use with the Quin-Julep.

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DISINFECTANTS  
BEST FOR HOUSE, STABLES, AND KENNELS.  
FOR DISINFECTING APPLICATIONS of all sorts, including the sanitary care of dwelling and sick rooms, hospital wards, kennels, stables, cellars, drains, sinks, cesspits, ashpits, the treatment of refuse, and the purification of the air of banks, warehouses, and public buildings, there are "Sanitas" preparations of various kinds specially adapted to all the several purposes. The name or brand "Sanitas" is the hall-mark of value for disinfectant and sanitary appliances.

The "SANITAS" Co., Ltd., Limehouse, LONDON, E.

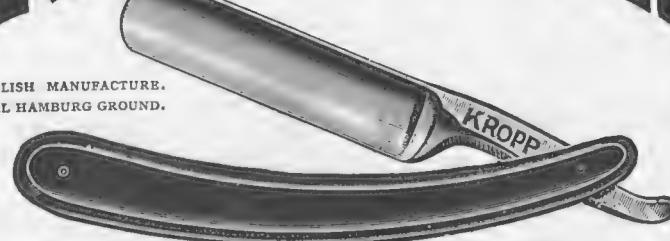
### SHAVING A PLEASURE

All good business men use the KROPP RAZOR, which, being made of the finest Sheffield Steel, always shaves clean in less than half the time of an ordinary razor.

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH SUBSTITUTES.

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ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.  
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Never Requires Grinding.

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Each Razor in a Case.

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## Rowland's Kalydor

Makes your skin soft and smooth.

You can easily have a clear, velvety, healthy complexion if you use

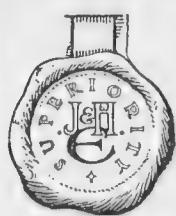
## Rowland's Kalydor "For Your Skin."

This world-famous preparation quickly removes tan, freckles, redness, roughness, cutaneous eruptions, and other disorders of the skin. It protects it against the injurious effects of cold winds and hard water, and adds the charm of youth to the complexion, which it will keep in perfect condition all the year round. Sold in 2/3 and 4/6 bottles, by stores, chemists, and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

RESTORE THE VOICE WITH  
**EVANS' PASTILLES**  
Invaluable for Throat & Voice

Send a penny for Sample to the Sole Manufacturers: EVANS BROS., LESCHER & WEBB, LTD., LIVERPOOL and LONDON (Name this paper.)

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DRESS SUITS and OVERCOATS.

**Y**OU will see many different kinds of Overcoats and Dress Suits if you go to a tailor who moves with the fashions and the times. One such I have in my mind is Mr. Ellis, of 201, Strand, W.C. By buying in large quantities and paying cash for his cloths, he is able to make an Overcoat or Dress Suit of the finest material for much less than many a tailor in the West End will charge for exactly the same thing. Mr. Ellis also scores by having his clothes made in his own workshops, and by giving his personal attention to each customer."

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Dress Suit, Silk Lined throughout	£5 5 0
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EASY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS  
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COAT SPECIALISTS

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(FACING LAW COURTS)



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A gas fire is always ready to be lighted in an instant; red hot in a few seconds—compare it with a coal fire that takes so long to give sensible heat and entails so much labour!

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THE BEST PERFUME  
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**GELLÉ FRÈRES**  
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**EXTRACT  
POWDER  
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LOTION, etc.**

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Tea  
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#### OG "GROSVENOR."

Charming Gown of pleated ninon. Coatee of cream shadow lace, sleeves consisting of soft frills of ninon and wide lace insertion. Skirt finished band of insertion.

Price 63/-

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"BRUNSWICK."

Useful Morning Gown of pleated nuns' veiling. Empire shape, with dainty fichu collar of shadow lace, trimmed white guipure insertion edged Val. lace.

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**HARRODS LTD** RICHARD BURBIDGE,  
Managing Director, Brompton Rd, London S.W.

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Street Called Straight."  
By the AUTHOR OF  
"THE INNER SHRINE."  
(Methuen.)

A beautiful young American was on the eve of marrying a distinguished English soldier. He was on his way to Boston, where two hundred invitations had been issued to the "best people" for the wedding. Her father found it impossible to stave off ruin, and even disgrace, over that last moment. A rich fellow-countryman was prompted by mixed motives to offer his whole fortune in redemption of her father's credit. Olivia, who longed for expiation by personal penance, and disliked the intervening Davenant, was forced to accept. Then appeared the bridegroom, a very subtle study of one of the simplest forms of humanity—the English officer. He is the expression of his class at its very best. The ruling motto of his life was "to do precisely the right thing." His world expected it of him, and he sacrificed to that expectation. His V.C. had been won on that motto. His chivalry, his honour—and both were uncommonly resplendent—were based on it. He was also in love. To Olivia's generous backing out, he gave precisely the right answer; he accepted the fact of a father-in-law potentially "fraudulent," and saved, barely by the magnanimous act of an outsider. Then he saw the man who had filled the breach; Davenant's appearance illuminated the "right thing to do." If he sold himself up he, too, could realise a hundred thousand pounds. He would sell, and, having declared his intention, he went to bed in the spirit which had made his Stuart ancestors the loyal, dashing, swashbuckling, unpractical, absurd, lovable and doomed ancestors that they were. He owned them on the distaff side, and he awoke in the grey morning to the strain of the Ashley grandfather who had manufactured brushes and saved the family mansion. But his alarm did not frustrate his intention of doing the precisely right thing. He was prevented; the other man reached nobler heights of well-doing by self-effacement, and Olivia's own heart had much to say in the long run. Her heart, and the fine shades of motive-power in the hearts of her lovers—besides the pleasant Bostonians, by the way—are expressed with some of the fastidious delicacy which Henry James has made familiar to his countrymen. The one drawback to its distinguished charm—and how often have readers of Henry James experienced it!—is that the final solution is apt to fall a trifle flat. Quite unavoidably, for any solution would appear crude or banal when applied to people so far removed from the obvious. From the obvious, perhaps, but not from the human. The author of "The Inner Shrine" knows his work too well for that.

"The Illusions of  
Mr. and Mrs.  
Bressingham."  
By GERARD BENDALL.  
(*The Bodley Head.*)

"There's religion." Margaret. "Well, my dear, there are so many religions, and such different ones, that I am afraid some of them must be. They cannot all be true, you know. Yet I have seen women—plain, stupid, even poor; and men, too, for the matter of that—made perfectly happy by religion. Think of the nuns." For the common people there is patriotism; there is art for the superior people—"a great resource this, and so harmless, I always think." Indeed, all illusions are, or would be, were it not that illusions are only alive in a paradoxical sense: they must refrain from discovering themselves as illusions and pose as convictions. Lady Sparkham, who would doubtless agree with that humble contribution to her philosophy, rings up the curtain for as entertaining a comedy as the most weary and most bored of us could wish for. While painting, music, journalism, culture, get their several *mots*, their sparkling allusions, their gay appreciation, it is a comedy with domesticity at the heart of it, and its blood circulates to the joyous, healthy devilment of Offenbach's operas.

"Valserine."  
By MARGUERITE AUDOUX.  
(*Chapman and Hall.*)

Half of this volume is devoted to the original work of Mlle. Audoux, and the remainder to its translation into English by Mr. John N. Raphael. But for her "Marie Claire," these trifles, though pretty and sometimes touching in their simplicity, would not have seen the London libraries. "Valserine," the most important, is the episode which ended the childhood of a smuggler's daughter. Valserine's father was caught, and died in prison of the hurt he received in his capture. They had lived alone together for years, deeply attached, and Mlle. Audoux writes of the child's anguish, imperceptibly fading with the weeks, till the morning when she walks joyously to the pipe-factory, joyous just to be alive, to walk on a fine morning to the work she wished to do. The author of "Marie Claire" builds her art upon an observation solemn and meticulous. It is like a religion. The details of an interior, a view, or a woman's dress are told as a *dévote* tells her beads, striving by those little doors of the senses to reach some holy ground of spiritual life. "Valserine" never really attains that. All the fidelity and restraint of its art fail of making her indubitably alive. An intelligent, affectionate dog might act in much the same way. She is the

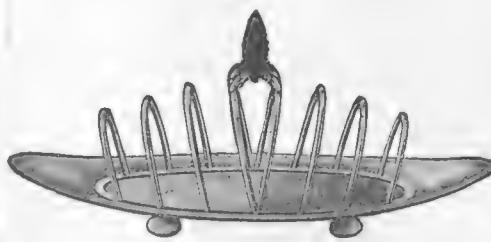
(Continued overleaf.)

# Harrods

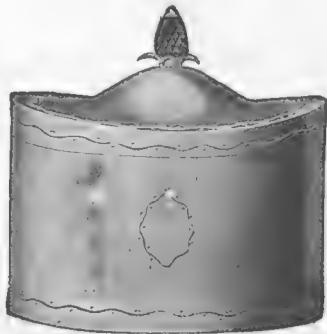
Exclusive Designs in  
SILVERWARE & ELECTRO-PLATE



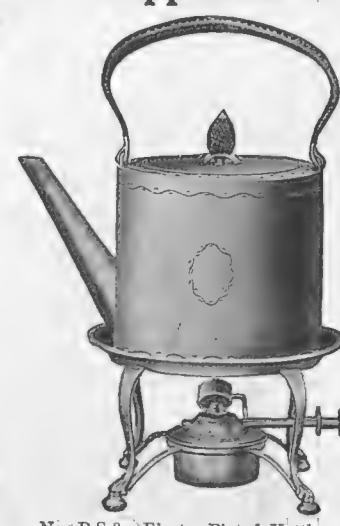
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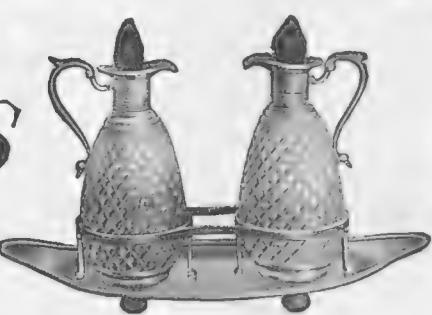
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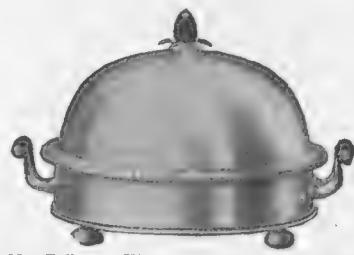


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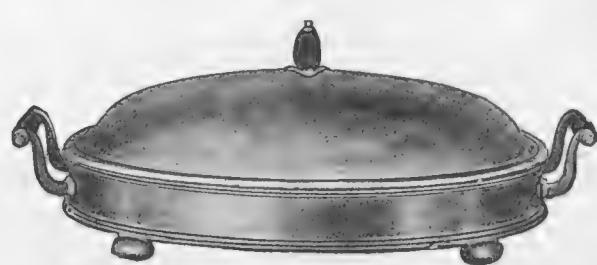


No. P S 10. Electro-Plate and English Cut Glass Oil and Vinegar Frame, £3 3 0  
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Visitors to Harrods Silver Department will be interested in the many original novelties recently introduced.



No. P S 4. Electro-Plated Muffin Dish with Hot Water Division ... £1 17 6  
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Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of expansion without removal of any fastening. Many designs for Day or Evening Wear.  
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HOUSE GOWN of soft blue woollen cloth, with wide band of velvet of deeper shade, buttons and collar to match, frills of ecru net.

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MATERNITY CORSETS AND LAYETTES A SPECIALITY.

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## HEART PALPITATION IS NOT HEART DISEASE

The writer of this advert, when a young Physician, wished to become an Assistant at a certain London Hospital for Diseases of the Heart. He was told by the chief Physician of that Hospital that out of every 10 of the patients who came for treatment had Heart Palpitation due to Indigestion, and he said

IT IS CAUSED BY the pressure upon the Heart of the gases which are formed in the Stomach and Bowel through the fermentation of undigested food. Instead of Heart Disease, those persons had Heart Palpitation which was caused by

## STOMACH & BOWEL INDIGESTION

because in Stomach and Bowel Indigestion the Albuminous food like Eggs, Meat, etc., is not digested in the Stomach, and the Starchy food like Bread, Potatoes, Bananas, etc., is not digested in the Bowel. The nourishment is not absorbed because the digestive glands have become weak and defective. The food ferments, creating acrid acids and foul gases, which press against the Heart, causing it to labour and palpitate. The gases also press upon the sensitive, tender nerves in that region, thus causing distress, Heart Palpitation, and shortness of breath, yet this Indigestion is an ailment

WHICH IS ALWAYS CURED BY



because Cicfa is the only remedy containing all those ingredients (and sufficient of them) which Nature must have to perfectly digest both the Albuminous food and Starchy food and to make the Bile Circulation perfect. Cicfa causes all the nourishment to be absorbed and assimilated; fermentation ceases; there are no gases formed, consequently no more Heart Palpitation, but steadily improving digestion, vigour, and health of the heart, as well as of every part of the system.

Get Cicfa to-day from your Chemist, or direct, price 1/1d & 2/9 post free

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SEE CATALOGUE MEN'S WOMEN'S

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## GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

For all purposes and all climates.

SILK WATERPROOF  
(Featherweight.) Self colours, 2 Gns.  
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Special Value.

Elvery's are replete with every kind of reliable Rainproof and guaranteed Storm Coats, from 29/6 to 4 Gns.  
Coats sent on approbation. When ordering kindly state height and bust measure.  
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J. W. ELVERY & CO., LTD.,  
"ELEPHANT HOUSE."

31, Conduit St., London,  
(One door from New Bond Street.) W.  
Also at 46 & 47, Lower Sackville St., and 34,  
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## THE "ELVERY" RIDING COAT.

An absolutely reliable Waterproof,  
scientifically cut, 45/- and 55/-

Ready for immediate wear.

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If you want to read something interesting and to find out what to buy or to give away, write to Messrs. METHUEN for their new Illustrated Announcement List.

Messrs. METHUEN have just published a new book by E. V. LUCAS, entitled *A WANDERER IN FLORENCE*, with many illustrations in colour and monotone. Crown 8vo, 6s. This book is uniform with the author's other "Wanderer" books.

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HARRY VARDON'S new book on Golf is having an enormous sale. Its title is *HOW TO PLAY GOLF*, and it is a completely new book. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

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Methuen's Popular Novels are having a great success at all libraries, and you should order copies at once of those you wish to read.

London Lavender E. V. LUCAS  
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## 'WHY NOT'

For length of drive, steadiness on the Green, and durability, the new Heavy "WHY NOT" is the best ball made.  
"HEAVY"  
"STANDARD" (floats) 2/-  
If your Professional does not Stock it, write to us.  
W. T. Henley's Telegraph Works Co., Ltd., Blomfield St., London, E.C.

**Angelus** THE WORLD-FAMED  
PLAYER PIANOS

the extraordinary success of which is undoubtedly due to their Artistic Supremacy, Reliability, and Moderate Prices.

SIR HERBERT MARSHALL & SONS, Ltd., Dept. 4, Angelus Hall, Regent House, Regent St., London

**CHELTENE DIABETIC FOOD**

Highly recommended by the Medical Profession. Samples and Booklet containing full particulars, recipes, &c., post free.  
**CHELTENE FOOD CO., CHELTENHAM.**  
(Also special separate Preparations for Infants, Anæmics, Dyspeptics, and Invalids.)

child, but not a child. A moment of much greater poignancy is reached in "Mère et Fille." There a profound theme is sounded, and the daughter's piano, the mother's darning, her white head bent to the confession of proposed marriage, so that nothing was to be seen but the back of her neck where the withered flesh fell between two cords—these are but the well-selected phrases of its accompaniment. The translation is usually fairly close, but what end is served by getting "crépuscule" into "twi-darkness"?

"Honey, My Honey."

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.  
(*Smith, Elder.*)

at all likely to be attracted to it. She has conjured up an enchanting English mansion, all Tudor gables and panelling; she has furnished it ideally with Persian rugs and priceless china; the library has a reliquary containing the hand of a dead ancestor, and the ghost has a secret chamber. From this paradise of antiquities, the good old family is driven forth by the flaming sword of poverty; and an American one snaps it up. Here arises the obvious opportunity. Not only shall the son of the interlopers woo and win the daughter of the Vandyke portraits: his dainty ultra-modern sister must be attracted to the fine flower of English knighthood who reminds everyone of Sir Philip Sidney. Besides which, there will be the piquancy of Momma and Poppa in their very old-England surroundings; the pathos of the decadent de Crepignys economising in a small adjacent house; and several other possibilities, none of which can escape the notice of a sophisticated *Family Herald*-ite. Miss Tynan has missed no single one; she has even remembered to make the head of the de Crepigny house an amiable, impractical scholar, living by the grace of his devoted wife. What can be said of these things but that those who like that sort will like these very much indeed? For Miss Tynan has a pretty touch, a pretty sympathy, and a pretty *flair* for arranging her artless material with vivacity and grace.

When we gave our silhouette portrait of Miss Edyth Goodall in our issue of the 9th, instead of saying "who is playing Fanny Hawthorn in 'Hindle Wakes,' at the Court Theatre," we should have said, "who was lately playing" that part "at the Playhouse." Some seven weeks ago the part of Fanny Hawthorn was assumed by Miss Muriel Pratt, while Miss Goodall went on tour in "Milestones."

Miss Pratt, who is a member of Miss Horniman's company, had also played the part for some ten days at the end of the first week of the run of "Hindle Wakes," during Miss Goodall's holiday.

We have received a letter from Miss E. Trehawke Davies, the well-known airwoman, with reference to the note that accompanied our photographs of her in an aeroplane, published in our last issue. We there alluded to a report that Miss Davies had advised the late Mr. H. J. D. Astley, who was killed at Belfast, not to go up without her, as she had always been a kind of lucky mascot to air-pilots. Miss Davies writes from Paris to deny that she ever said, either to English or French journalists, that she considered herself a mascot for Mr. Astley, or any other pilot. We willingly give publicity to the correction.

We regret to find that we omitted to mention the name of the photographer in connection with one of the page-illustrations in our last week's Supplement. The photograph in question was that of a shepherdess, in a *Sketch* setting. The photograph was by the well-known Parisian photographers, Messrs. Reutlinger.

In Spain the opening of the new Palace Hotel, Madrid, was an event of importance. Spain has hitherto somewhat lacked in hotel accommodation compared with other resort countries of Europe. The new Palace Hotel is the outcome of Belgian enterprise, and represents the highest hotel development, with its six hundred bedrooms, all equipped with private baths. The opening function was in the nature of a public ceremony. The Belgian Minister, with the members of the Embassy and Board of Directors, proceeded to the Royal Palace, and were received by King Alfonso. They then returned to the hotel for the formal inauguration and inspection, at which the King himself would have been present except for the fact that the Court was in mourning. In the evening a banquet was held, at which the élite of Madrid society was present.

Ladies who are considering their winter furs will note that Messrs. Harrod, Ltd., Brompton Road, are holding a special Sable Week, on Monday, Oct. 28 and following days. The sable is becoming more and more rare and expensive, owing to the trapping prohibition of the Russian Duma, and consequently this great Sable Week at Harrod's has a unique interest for those who favour that pelt. The exhibit embraces beautiful specimens of Russian and Canadian sables, including rich skins purchased direct from the Hudson's Bay Company, on exceptional terms, and modelled into the latest-style coats, stoles, and muffs. Sable during this special week will be at 20 to 25 per cent. below present market prices.



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The Watch of matchless merit  
Price One Guinea & upwards, at all leading watchmakers

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ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, season ticket holder, or trader's ticket holder, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

October 23, 1912.

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding, a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.



*Parfum LA VALSE*

JUST as the exquisite dancing of Karsavina and Nijinsky in "The Spectre of the Rose" to Weber's "Invitation à la Valse" enchanted the civilised world, so has the fascinating new Morny Perfume, "La Valse," captivated the world of fashion.

"La Valse" should achieve even wider fame than its well-known predecessor, Parfum "Chamade"; so exquisite and satisfying is its fragrance, and so indefinitely beautiful is it in its complex modernity, its elusive intensity, and its delicate and subtle suggestiveness.

PARFUM "LA VALSE" -	6/6	12/6
"La Valse" Dusting Powder -	3/6	12/6
"La Valse" Complexion Powder -	-	2/6
"La Valse" Toilet Water (Eau de Toilet) -	-	4/6
"La Valse" Toilet Soap (3 tablets) -	-	5/6
"La Valse" Bath Salts -	2/6	6/6
	7-in.	8-in.
"La Valse" Bath Soap Bowls -	13/-	15/6
	21/-	

"BATH LUXURY" BOOKLET FREE ON REQUEST.

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201 · REGENT · STREET ·  
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# Autumn Complexions



MANY ladies are apt to neglect their complexions during this Autumn Season—but now is the time to tone up and strengthen your skin for the coming winter, which promises to be very severe and trying to the complexion. It is much easier to preserve your complexion now than to remove troubles which result from neglect. The right kind of treatment will preserve and keep your skin free from roughness, redness, or other winter complexion troubles.

The right kind of treatment, indeed the only satisfactory treatment, is to use *Icilma Cream* regularly. This famous Non-Greasy Cream owes its wonderful results to *Icilma Water*, which stimulates the skin to natural beauty. When the cold and wind tend to close up the pores and prevent natural action, the unique properties of this remarkable tonic water from Algeria will keep the skin soft, smooth, and clear. If used after washing, before going out and on coming in, *Icilma Cream* will prevent that burning sensation produced by the piercing wind and keep the skin free from blemishes. It cannot grow hair, needs no powder, and is an economical way to beauty. Every application leaves a delightful feeling of refreshing comfort.

## ICILMA CREAM

*Icilma* is pronounced Eye-Silma.)

Sold everywhere, 1s. and 1s. 9d. per pot.

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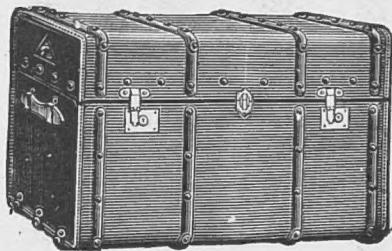
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